THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,
When the buds of April bloomed, and the birds of spring-time sung.
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed,
But oh! the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first.

There is no place like the old place, where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore
Where the dark eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more.

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless flower, with gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love that we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're falling side by side,
There are blossoms all around us with the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—may Heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless our loving wives!

The Mutual Consolation Society.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,

AUTHOR OF "EVE ISLE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

One sultry June evening in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and blank, Dr. Phineas Wedgewood found himself entirely at leisure.

As I have said the gentleman was at leisure on a particular evening, it may be inferred that he was not often so, and as I should dislike to leave an erroneous impression on the reader's mind at this early stage of our acquaintance, I may as well admit that the June evening in question had nothing in particular to distinguish it from something like three hundred and sixty-five of its immediate predecessors, so far as Dr. Wedgewood's leisure was concerned; or to come at once to the plain truth of the case, about a year previous the young disciple of Esculapius had been turned out upon society fully authorized by virtue of a certain parchment, whereon appeared a sentence or two in the Latin tongue, a big seal, and the names of sundry grim old professors of the healing art, to practice medicine, and since that time had been philosophically waiting for patients up three pairs of stairs at No. — Nassau street, in the venerable city of Manhattan.

There did not seem to be any good reason why Dr. Wedgewood should have been so emphatically a man of leisure, for then, as now, sickness was abroad in the metropolis, and casualties, involving fractures and contusions, were wont to occur daily, and he understood the administration of pills and tinctures—the adjustment of displaced and broken bones—the application of liniments and adhesive plasters (that is, if his diploma was to be credited.) Besides, his sign announced to the passers-by his calling, and he had been ready at all times since his establishment in the profession to bestow his services upon the public, but the public, blind as it not unfrequently is to its own interest, never called for them.

After these few explanatory remarks, no one will be surprised to learn that Dr. Wedgewood was entirely at leisure on a certain sultry June evening; or, that being so, he felt somewhat lonely and out of spirits, in consequence of which he got up, walked two or three times across his office floor with his hands behind him, in a dissatisfied way, stopped, looked out of the window and yawned, as if in disgust at the view presented, and finally opened the door and went out, having resolved, as he had done on many similar occasions, to go and pass the evening with his friend Guy Larrington, Esq., counsellor-at-law, and author of this history, who occupied chambers directly across the hall from his own, where I regret being obliged to record he had been waiting for practice somewhat longer than his medical neighbor and with similar success.

Perhaps the fact that we were both basking in the same dazzling sunshine of prosperity drew us together in the first instance; but however this might have been, we were certainly fast friends at that era in our existence, and had spent many an evening talking over our prospects and anathematizing the world, that in our estimation had treated us shabbily, to use the mildest term, in permitting us to "blush unseen," while other doctors and lawyers were acquiring fame and fortune.

Nearly eighteen months had passed since the bar of New York did itself the honor to enroll me as one of its members. I was country born and bred, and perhaps I had rather extravagant ideas of the world and my individual ability to hew out a smooth path through its most tortuous and rugged ways—at all events, I had very little doubt that substantial success awaited me in the career to which my admission to the bar was the initiatory step, but the unpretending position of a country village attorney was not to be thought of. It might do well enough for plodding legal gentlemen of the old school, but for an eminently rising and energetic young man, New York was decidedly the place where wealth and eminence were to be attained at a bound.

To New York, therefore, I determined to emigrate, leaving my aunt Ruth, a maiden lady of literary pretensions and considerable means, with whom I had resided since a very early period of my existence, to regret my absence, at her neat little country seat, Woodbine Cottage, not far from the village of Oak Hill, so called from the fact that it was situated in a deep valley, and there was not an oak tree in ten miles around.

So it came to pass that at the age of two and twenty I went forth into the world of New York to disappear in its vortex of life and business, as entirely as though the waves of the ocean had closed over me, and in process of time found myself up three pairs of stairs at No. — Nassau street, in prettily furnished chambers, with a good library, and in fact with nothing wanting to render my success complete, but the advent of clients and cases. These and the millennium, however, seemed to continue in prospective.

"Guy," the doctor said, as he lounged into my office and dropped into a vacant seat, "this kind of life is killing me. It's horribly dull."

"That is true," I answered with a sigh, "but then it might be worse, you know. Now, just consider a moment, the—"

"Consider!" repeated the doctor, angrily, "I've had nothing to do but consider for a year, and I tell you it couldn't be any worse. Talk about the sufferings of Job and John Bunyan and the rest of the martyrs; if they had come to New York and tried to establish themselves in the practice of medicine, their endurance would have been creditable."

"I am sorry to see that you cherish a repining spirit, Dr. Wedgewood," I responded. 'Fill your meerschaum, and let us smoke over this matter like reasonable beings."

"To the deuce with your nonsense, Guy. It is all very well to make light of this state of things, but I tell you it's downright awful. Here we have been shut up like a couple of convicts a whole solemn year, and haven't either of us done enough professionally to pay for the tobacco we burn in one evening."

"I know it, but you are making a very fair thing with your writing for the press, and I am working into it by degrees, besides, aunt Ruth doesn't find fault with my bills."

"Well, I haven't any aunt Ruth to find fault with my bills, or pay them either; but that's nothing to the purpose. I can take care of myself, but I didn't study medicine to become a newspaper writer, and I take it you had something else in view when you read law, yet here we are, overlooked and unknown in these musty rooms, while other men with no more brains are full of business. This isn't fair. The fact is, we've got too much brains. The people of this city can't appreciate a man of talent."

"It would seem so, certainly," I said, "from the fact that the talents of Dr. Wedgewood and Counsellor Larrington have been suffered to rust in idleness—a sad instance of the fate of genius to remain unknown and unacknowledged."

"You've struck the root of the evil, Guy. We are unappreciated. It has always been the fate of real genius to remain for a time in obscurity. It was so with Columbus, Galileo and Col. Crockett. Perhaps it's not modest in us to sound our own praises; still it cannot be denied that we are bright and shining lights in our several professions, or would be, if fate had not hidden us away, like a couple of jolly great watermelons in the middle of a cornfield; prime fellows! but deucedly out of sight, don't you see?"

"That cannot be denied, doctor; but we have one consolation, there are hundreds of others in the same predicament, and 'misery likes company.'"

"I know it. There are a dozen in the circle of our acquaintance who have been ill used and overlooked, and by-the-way an idea strikes me."

"Seize upon it, my friend, and let's see what it is like. It is a long time since you met with such an accident."

"Or you either for that matter; but listen: Why couldn't a society be originated on the hypothesis that men of talent and education, who are always modest, are from the nature of things destined to remain unappreciated and unknown in this modern Babel where people think of nothing but accumulating money, and that it is therefore their duty to associate themselves for mutual benefit and encouragement as mechanics do to keep up the price of labor."

"That's not a bad idea, if it could be carried out."

"It is a capital idea, and it can be carried out, and what's better made to pay the originator. I need something to absorb my superfluous energy, and I'm going to follow it up and see what will come of it. Suppose you see Col. Ponkinson, Bingle Smithkins, and any one else you know, and tell them to meet here to-morrow evening. In the meantime I'll prepare a rough draft of a constitution that will explain the aim and object of what I have in view."

"Very well—anything to reconcile you to life," I said, and after some further talk we separated for the night.

CHAPTER II.

Agreeable to Dr. Wedgewood's suggestion, I called upon a number of our acquaintances the following day, and advised them of the contemplated movement. The unanimity of feeling they expressed was remarkable—all were satisfied that they had extraordinary abilities which had never been suitably acknowledged by their fellow men, and that an association for the avowed purpose of developing and bringing into notice hidden intellect would justly rank among the great moral reforms of the age, and unquestionably result most beneficently to mankind.

At an early hour the notified began to make their appearance at my office, the appointed place of rendezvous. The first arrival was Col. Ponkinson, a bluff military gentleman of fifty-five, who had taken part in the Mexican war, and covered his name with no inconsiderable glory. The personal bravery and great strategic tact of Col. Ponkinson fairly entitled him, as he was in the habit of admitting to intimate friends, to promotion to the rank of brigadier-general, but his merits had passed unnoticed, and the war closed, leaving him in the comparatively unpretending position of corporal, a circumstance over which he naturally grieved, and not unfrequently alluded to in a censorious spirit. His wounded feelings, however, found some balm in the fact that his friends recognizing the injustice he suffered, by mutual consent conferred upon him the title of colonel, which was considered a happy compromise between his actual rank and that to which he should have been elevated.

Personally, Col. Ponkinson was regarded as an excellent fellow by ward politicians, and I am inclined to think he lived on this reputation, at least I was never aware of his following any ostensible calling; but he could tell a good story, sing a good song, and except for his habit of carrying large bricks in his hat, and of occasionally deviating somewhat widely from matter-of-fact in his statements, he was a man with whom it would have been difficult for any one to find fault, and was strongly talked of for the state legislature.

Close in the wake of Col. Ponkinson came Mr. P. Southey Bingle, as he subscribed himself—a young gentleman of literary tastes, who had had the misfortune to incur the animosity of the press throughout the United States. This was obvious from the fact that his articles were invariably returned with the compliments of the editors to whom they had been sent, who made a point of adding insult to injury by writing to say that they could not at that time offer encouragement to any new contributors. This state of things showed conclusively, as Mr. Bingle once remarked to me, that he was the victim of a widely spread conspiracy to prevent him from appearing before the public as an author, a conspiracy originating in the jealous misgiving that he would eclipse his cotemporaries, and that for the future there would be a very limited demand for literature to which the name of Bingle was not appended.

It would afford me infinite satisfaction, did my space permit, to outline the history of each of the gentlemen who ought to have been distinguished, who honored my office with his presence that evening, but I must content myself with the general observation that the unjustifiable refusal of the world to acknowledge the particular merit for which each was celebrated naturally formed a prominent feature in every one, and I remember as I sat talking with them, the curious fancy came into my head that by some strange accident I numbered among my acquaintances nearly, if not all, those unfortunate Gothamites who had reason to find fault with the treatment they had received at the hands of their cotemporaries. Since then, however, circumstances have induced me to believe that there is a larger percentage of dissatisfied persons in the world than I then supposed, and I find by experience that all manage to sustain their complaints with an array of facts conclusive to themselves if to no one else.

By eight o'clock quite a respectable number had collected, and on motion Col. Ponkinson was called to the chair. The military gentleman accepted the position with a modest show of hesitation, after which Dr. Wedgewood volunteered to explain the object of the meeting.

"From a very early period in the history of the world," the doctor remarked, "there had been a manifest disposition in mankind to neglect genius. Few great men had been appreciated in their day and generation, and the honor that should have been paid them in life was usually expended in splendid monuments and costly mausoleums that marked the resting place of their sacred dust. Of late years this disposition to undervalue intellect had seemed to be on the increase—a statement which needed no stronger confirmation than the fact that this highly intelligent audience was assembled, with the design of establishing an intellectual gymnasium, if he might be allowed to use such a simile. It was emphatically a money-making age. The world seemed given up to the accumulation of filthy lucre. To buy and sell and get gain had become the all-absorbing idea, and men, like those he saw around him, whose finely organized minds were unfitted for sordid traffic, and were occupied in the solution of great problems for the public weal, and who drank together at the same refreshing springs of learning, owed it to themselves and posterity to take some stand and do something to maintain the supremacy of intellect and genius."

At this point the cheering was absolutely tremendous.

When the applause had subsided, Dr. Wedgewood observed that without going into farther detail he would submit a hastily prepared constitution for the consideration of the meeting. Without giving the document, which was somewhat voluminous, entire, I may mention that it provided for the election of the customary officers of such associations, and in addition thereto of a committee of supererogation, whose duties should consist in keeping an eye open for unappreciated genius and reporting it when discovered to the president. It also provided that any person should be considered eligible to membership who could prove to the satisfaction of the society that he had talents which the world did not recognize, and fixed the initiation fee at twenty-five cents, and finally that as their object was to comfort and console each other it should be known as

THE MUTUAL CONSOLATION SOCIETY.

This able document, as might have been expected, was adopted by acclamation without a dissenting voice, and was ordered to be published in full in the *Daily Bumble Bee*, with an invitation placed in the columns of that widely circulated and influential journal to the unappreciated throughout the land to come in with us and let us do them good.

We next proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted in the selection of our worthy chairman, Col. Ponkinson, for president, and T. Spicer, Esq., proprietor of the *Molasses Chronicle*, a commercial weekly, devoted to the grocery interests, for vice president—for though the last-named gentleman was not present, as his influence was deemed of the first importance, it was thought advisable to compliment him by an office of this weight and responsibility. Mr. Zenas Smithkins of the *Daily Bumble Bee* was chosen secretary and treasurer, (these offices were consolidated under the apprehension that we might not have members enough to fill the posts of honor,) and Phineas Wedgewood, M. D., P. Southey Bingle, and Guy Larringdon, Esq., were designated as the committee of supererogation.

This preliminary business disposed of, Col. Ponkinson took the floor, and observed with characteristic dignity, that he was proud and happy to be identified with this movement. It was a great and noble cause, and he believed he should be permitted to see the day when Columbia would point with pride and gratitude to an organization that had espoused the cause of her unappreciated children of genius. His esteemed friend, Dr. Wedgewood, had immortalized his name by perfecting a great idea, and for one he should be pleased if the society saw fit to bestow upon him some substantial testimonial, and would propose, if it were in order, that a handsome silver mortar should be prepared and presented to the founder of the association, with the compliments of its members. Dr. Wedgewood was entitled to some such mark of esteem, and he trusted he would receive it.

At this point Mr. Smithkins begged leave to remark that although he highly approved of the worthy president's suggestion, he must be excused for reminding the society that at the present moment the treasury was in scarcely a solvent condition, there being in point of fact nothing in it, and would venture to recommend that the presentation of the testimonial be postponed for a short time until their finances were in a more flourishing state.

Dr. Wedgewood asked leave to observe that his modesty would shrink from receiving any such testimonial from his brethren as had been alluded to. If he had rendered them any service in bringing them together in this fraternal way, it had had its own reward. It required no other recompense, and he wished for no other, but in one particular he must criticise the remarks of his friend Mr. Smithkins. He evinced too much caution. The society had never been in so flourishing a condition as it then was, and to refer to the depleted state of the treasury was ill-timed and uncalled for. He hoped to hear no farther allusions to the subject.

Mr. Smithkins being unanimously frowned upon for the position he had taken, at once apologized, and on motion of Mr. Bingle it was decided to instruct the treasurer to have the mortar in readiness for presentation at the next meeting, and inasmuch as the society was still comparatively speaking unknown to the world, it was suggested that he should advance the funds necessary for its purchase from his own pocket.

It was farther ordered that the members then present should be considered honorary, and their initiation fee remitted, also that the committee of supererogation be instructed to make such journeys in pursuit of unappreciated genius as in their several opinions were beneficial to the interests of all concerned, and draw upon the treasurer for funds for travelling and incidental expenses, and the treasurer was instructed to advance such sums, for which the credit of the society stood pledged.

Mr. Smithkins here asked permission to tender his resignation, as he feared the duties incident to the position would prove too onerous.

The president peremptorily refused to relieve Mr. Smithkins of his official duties, and sharply reprimanded him for showing so little interest in the success of the undertaking.

There were some other proceedings, a good many in fact; but I do not recall them, nor would they be essential to this history; but at a pretty late hour, after there had been much speechifying on many subjects relevant and irrelevant, a basket of champagne found its way mysteriously into the apartment, after which some toasts were drank, which grew patriotic as the evening advanced, and when we finally adjourned, our worthy president found it so difficult to determine on which side of the street he preferred to walk, that it was deemed advisable to appoint a guard of honor to escort him to his quarters.

CHAPTER III.

I was pleased with our first meeting, which had been so remarkably unanimous in all its proceedings, even in its refusal to receive Mr. Smithkins resignation, and I awaited somewhat impatiently the appearance of the *Daily Bumble Bee*, to learn how that impartial journal would speak of the new movement. It came at last—and a glance sufficed to assure me that Mr. Smithkins, having placed his hand to the plough, had resolved not to turn back. Our proceedings were published in full; and under the editorial head shone out luminously, the following:

A MOVEMENT IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

We have long thought our men of letters should devise some means to guard against the degeneration of intellect. In this age of speculation and money-making there is grave reason for apprehending that our *savans* may become disheartened by the poor return with which the world seems disposed to recompense mental labor; but at last we are glad to see there has been a movement made by the right men in the right direction. Two of our distinguished professional gentlemen, Dr. Wedgewood and Guy Larringdon, Esq., of No. — Nassau street, have found leisure in the midst of the multifarious and pressing demands upon their time, to organize a society to be composed of the *literati* of our city, the great object of which is to encourage those who labor with the brain.

We commend the enterprise to the public, and feel no hesitation in saying that those who uphold it, will have the satisfaction of assisting in the great movement of the nineteenth century.

The proceedings of their first meeting will be found in another column.

"What a mighty engine for the dissemination of truth is a free press," I said to myself as I finished the article; and was about falling into a fit of meditation thereupon, when the door opened and the "distinguished" Dr. Wedgewood stood before me.

"Rather an exalted notice, isn't it?" the doctor said, pointing to the editorial I have quoted above in a paper which he held in his hand.

"Extremely so," I replied. "Smithkins has done remarkably well."

"Smithkins had nothing to do with it! That's some of my composition."

"Yours, doctor?"

"Certainly. I've a talent for editorial writing, and never lose an opportunity of improving it; besides, in this instance it was necessary that the notice should be written with especial care, which was another reason for doing it myself. And then I had a private interview with old Strand, the proprietor, who would sell his soul, if he had one, and could get a good price for it, and intimated that there would doubtless be a great amount of advertising growing out of the affair, all of which I would undertake to secure for his columns, if he would publish the article and others of a similar character now and then, as editorial. There is a scientific way to manipulate all these enterprises, and you understand of course, that it is our duty to see that the originators of the Mutual Consolation Society, a most praiseworthy institution, do not suffer for their philanthropic pains."

"To be sure," I said, not appreciating very clearly, however, the force of my friend's reasoning, "but how is that editorial flourish to benefit you and me?"

"Permit me to say, that for a lawyer you are remarkably stupid, Mr. Larringdon; but you are aware, I suppose, that of late our professional prospects have not been the most flattering of which it is possible to conceive? What was the trouble? Simply this: No one knew us had ever heard of us; and you can perceive that if this society takes with the public—and the public will take almost anything, if properly advertised—we, as the founders, will become notorious, and notoriety brings business."

"All that is manifest," I said, "and it ap-

pears that this society, which *I* supposed you were getting up for the fun of the thing, or because you really imagined you could do some good to overlook *geniuses* who were struggling to gain a foothold, is in reality only intended as a balloon to hoist an enterprising young M. D out of obscurity. This is unwarrantable deception."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. Every society with a philanthropic title fattens upon imposition, and is run for the benefit of the managers. Some shrewd man starts a great moral reform—the press puff it (at so much per line;) the public fall in with the idea and glorify the founder, who is straightway elevated to the position of chief engineer of the concern, and forthwith mounts the platform, and with a complacent smile, lays his hand upon the throttle valve, and off he goes, bound for notoriety and fortune. In short, modern charitable associations are a good deal like railway trains. The engineer, conductor, and brakemen ride and get paid for riding, and the public ride and pay for the privilege."

"Then you mean to assert that all charitable societies are originated from selfish motives?"

"As a general thing, yes. A few men have the notoriety of founding them and flourish on it; and a multitude of others from really disinterested motives do the work and pay roundly for the inestimable franchise. If you question it, let me ask you how many such societies there would be in existence in six months time, if there was a law of the land prohibiting the name of any founder or manager of such an one to be known in connection with it. But it is all right, 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' according to Scripture, and the founders and managers of these societies with good sounding names, receive theirs in the way I have mentioned and the societies themselves are instrumental to a greater or less extent in doing good. In like manner we shall get paid for organizing ours, which may possibly result in some benefit to somebody."

"Doctor, you are a humbug."

"*Entre nous*, Guy, I suppose that's true; but if you observe closely, you shall see that I will humbug the public into patronizing your humble servant extensively."

"I regret to say that you have fallen in my estimation, Dr. Wedgewood. Till the present moment I have been disposed to believe that individuals acted from the motives which they professed to—"

"Which they never do," said the doctor, blandly interrupting me.

"Allow me to conclude my remarks," I continued, with dignity. "I was observing, in substance, that I was by nature of a trusting disposition, and consequently when you announced your design of organizing a society for a very laudable object, I believed you sincere, and was disposed to second your efforts, but as it is—"

"As it is," repeated my medical friend, interrupting me for the second time, "you will be very glad of any business that comes along, without stopping to inquire where it came from; and in the meantime you can encourage the unappreciated to any extent your fancy dictates."

"So you take me for a humbug, too," I said.

"Why, I think you have a commendable tendency that way; at least you have kept poor Platte copying whole pages out of the revised statutes, so as to appear busy if any one should drop in; but it's all right, Guy—humbug is the life of trade, and now don't be so juvenile in future as to believe that the world acts upon its professed principles. In the pastoral age the sentiment would have done you credit, but in the nineteenth century, I am ashamed of you."

Before I had time to think of a suitably indignant reply to this speech, Dr. Wedgewood's office bell rang. It was the first time I had ever heard the tones of that musical instrument, which were equally strange to the ears of my medical friend, I believe, for a look of blank amazement swept over his face, but gave place to a remarkably complacent smile, as the summons was repeated in a more peremptory manner.

"There's the first result of notoriety," the doctor said, as he moved towards the door. "Do not be surprised if you have a call yourself before night, and if you ever knew any law, oblige me by endeavoring to recall it, to sustain the editorial reputation of the *Bumble Bee*, if for no other reason."

The doctor passed out, but feeling a little skeptical in regard to his summons being of a professional character, I approached my door on tiptoe, opened it an inch or two, and looked forth. A tall youth, with an immense mouth and no eyes worth mentioning, whose age might have been anywhere between fifteen and thirty, was standing in the passage, holding in his hand a copy of the *Daily Bumble Bee*, which seemed to engage about half of his attention, while the other modicum found employment in the contemplation of Dr. Wedgewood, who stood before him smiling and gracious.

"Be you the doctor wot it tells about in this ere," said the wide-mouthed gentleman, pointing to the doctor's editorial, which was already indicated by a circle in ink, to assist his memory, I inferred, as possibly his education had been neglected.

"I am the physician referred to," Dr. Wedgewood said, with the utmost urbanity. "What can I do for you?"

"Missus wants ye," was the terse reply.

"Oh! certainly. Where does she reside?"

"That'll tell," replied the laconic youth, producing a card upon which a name and number were written.

"Tell Mrs. Spragg I will be with her immediately," said the doctor, blandly, as he glanced at the direction. "How long has she been ill?"

"Allus," was the highly satisfactory rejoinder, and apparently with the intention of frustrating any designs the medical gentleman might have upon his stock of general information, Mrs. Spragg's messenger gave a pull at his cap, by way of a parting salutation, and made a rush for the stairs, while the doctor plunged into his office, seized his hat and cane, with an air that was quite professional, considering what a novice he really was, and hurried out again. But he stopped short with something like a blush, as he caught sight of my laughing face on the other side of the hall.

"Hallo, Guy, how long have you been there playing eavesdropper?"

"Ever since you left me," I said. "Who's your patient?"

"Mrs. Samuel Spragg, at your service, the wife, Mr. Larrington, of one of the most disreputably wealthy gentlemen in the city. When I return I will take your professional opinion as to the value of notoriety. Good morning sir. If more patients congregate during my absence than my office can accommodate, have the goodness to place yours at the temporary disposal of the overplus," and with a light step he went his way.

CHAPTER IV.

The morning had waned into afternoon ere Dr. Wedgewood returned. I had taken my lunch and was about composing myself for a comfortable nap in my spacious office chair, when I heard his quick, elastic step upon the stairs, and a moment after he came in, his face all aglow with fun and excitement.

"There, Guy, the first step toward the exalted position the individual before you is destined to fill has been taken," he said, as he deposited his hat and cane upon the table and picked up my meerschaum, which he proceeded to fill and ignite.

"I am rejoiced to hear it; but a less metaphorical explanation of what you have been about would be more satisfactory to a commonplace individual like myself."

"You shall have it, Guy—you shall have it. In plain language, I have commenced the practice of medicine in New York city, and it pleases me. *Vive les* newspapers and humbug!"

I frowned from a sense of duty, and the doctor proceeded.

"I can't begin to tell you all the particulars of my late excursion into the charmed circle of the *beau monde*, in which my fair patient considers herself entitled to as undisputed a position as her liege lord unquestionably is among the monetary sharks and hyenas of Wall street. Mrs. Spragg, my dear fellow, is an imaginative character. The excellent old lady is in reality as stout and healthy as a yoke of oxen; but she labors under the impression that good health is one of the vulgarities upon which polite society has turned its back, and consequently for several years has patronized somewhat extensively each new medical star that has made its appearance in the fashionable firmament; and as none of them, strange as it may seem, have ever succeeded in eradicating her maladies, they have one by one retired discomfited from her presence and sunk to rise no more. The last extinguished Esculapius made his exodus the day before yesterday, but it providentially happened that Mrs. S. had in early life, while engaged in the manufacture and sale of ladies' head gear on Division street, (don't be shocked, I beg you,) contracted a taste very prevalent among that class of reading the *Daily Bumble Bee*, a habit to which she still adheres, therefore it is not surprising that our friend Straud's allusion to myself should have caught her eye, or that she should have in consequence thereof instantly despatched a servant to request my professional attendance."

"Mrs. Spragg then has not always been a reigning divinity in upper tendom," I said, beginning to feel interested.

"A Division street millinery establishment was the unpretending acorn from which that majestic oak sprung."

"How came you so well versed in the family history?"

"It is but another evidence of my professional success; in other words, I took the old lady's heart by storm by humoring her idiosyncrasies, shaking my head, and giving it as my opinion that it was doubtful whether medical skill could save her, though of course I should do my best, and thereupon wrote out a prescription which I should imagine would have about the effect of bread pills."

"And you have no compunctions of conscience as to imposing upon the credulous old lady with your nonsensical prescriptions?"

"There's no imposition about it. Nothing ails her, but all creation can't make her believe it. Just so long as she is able to indulge her whims, why shouldn't I assist her to gratify them? It's doing her a real kindness, and for this reason also, that it will put money in my pocket. I shall keep on calling upon Mrs. Spragg every day as long as she wants me; and in return for her harmless twaddle about herself and family, I will give her harmless medicines, that will perhaps have the effect of keeping her out of the hands of some unworthy member of the profession who is not actuated by a lofty sense of honor. For such disinterested benevolence, Mr. Spragg, of Wall street, can afford to pay liberally."

"Your sense of honor is indeed painfully acute, Dr. Wedgewood."

"Very true, counsellor, very true. I am glad you begin to appreciate me, but I haven't come to the intoxicating part of the story yet. Mrs. Spragg is the happy mother of a daughter, a gushing, languishing, cream candy looking daughter. She doesn't know anything to speak of, but will inherit half a million at least when Providence gathers the paternal Spragg to his fathers. Now, your humble servant has a remarkably well stored mind, but no money, and wouldn't have, if everybody died. What's to hinder your humble servant and Spragg's daughter from uniting their money and information, and making a splurge on their joint capital?"

"It is among the things possible that Spragg's daughter wouldn't have anything to do with my distinguished medical friend," I ventured to remark.

"You're mistaken there, my boy. The young lady was struck with your humble servant—blushed, simpered, looked down, acted like a fool, &c."

"She certainly acted like a fool if she evinced the slightest preference for such a confounded humbug," I said; "but seriously, doctor, are you thinking of a financial marriage?"

"Faith, I am, Guy. It's slow work getting on in the world without capital, and where's the harm in looking out for a wife who among other attractions numbers that of a rich old father?"

This idea seemed to please Wedgewood immeasurably, and he leaned back in his chair and watched the fragrant cloud of smoke that rolled upward from his pipe with intense satisfaction. Of course I felt properly indignant at the expression of such worldly principles, which my companion had probably imbibed in some unguarded hour, and was scattering about my moral office so indiscriminately; for I had not, like him, learned to acknowledge the *real* motives that actuated me, in common with other men of the world, and perhaps I thought because I did not confess them even to myself that I was governed by different and better ones. I have known men in the course of my life, who, because they professed to be saints, imagined they were, and became indignant when neighbor Smith casually mentioned to neighbor Jones his conviction that they were only sinners and not very shrewd ones at that.

There was a good deal that was amusing, too, in my friend's humorous proclivities, though it was clear his impudence required a check; still I said to myself, Why shouldn't Wedgewood marry Spragg's daughter if he and Spragg's daughter can agree? Her money will fill a vacuum in Wedgewood's domestic economy, and Wedgewood common sense will supply the deficiences under which it is plain Spragg's daughter is laboring. Why wouldn't it be a fair business transaction? No one thinks of finding fault when old Mr. Bank Stocks who has money, but knows nothing about the details of the dry goods trade, forms a co-partnership with young Augustus Honiton, who hasn't a dime, but has been a clerk at Stewart's for years, and has the reputation of being able to control an extensive custom. If it is proper for old Mr. Bank Stocks and young Mr. Honiton to form an alliance for mutual benefit and convenience, why should it be open to objection for Spragg's daughter and Wedgewood to do the same thing? I began to see that I had judged without due consideration, and that what I had been inclined to censure in my friend was simply sagacity and business tact, two very essential elements of success.

Having arrived at this conclusion, I was conscious of a growing wish that Spragg of Wall street had another daughter, but ere I could pursue the subject farther, my meditations were rudely broken in upon by Dr. Wedgewood, who had contemplated his fancy sketch and tobacco smoke for a sufficient length of time and was ready to talk again, and as was his custom took up his conversation at the point where it last terminated.

"Yes, Guy," he went on in an argumentative way, "a young lady, with a wealthy papa, possesses one great attraction. It is very desirable, I admit, to have an accomplished wife, a pretty wife, a brilliant wife, but after all you must bear in mind that your accomplished wife may be actuated by the prevalent feminine inclination to display her accomplishments, and make you jealous by bringing them to bear upon your friend Jenkins, when you have him home to dinner with you. As for beauty, it is perishable goods, and consequently not a safe investment, and then your brilliant women are always eclipsing the sun of your brilliancy, and are therefore to be avoided, hence solid charms are the things to look for in a wife."

I did not like to let the doctor know that I was becoming a convert to his faith, so I made a profound bow by way of response to his last observations, and as he was pleased to interpret this into an invitation to proceed, he went on.

"I think, Guy, we had best marry for several reasons. In the first place these bachelor chambers are getting terribly dull, and we need a change. It's unpleasant to roast our faces over the fire every morning while we broil our steak and prepare our coffee. It's a breach of table etiquette to dine as we do here, both drinking ale out of the same half-gallon measure, and doesn't look well. Furthermore we've no buttons to speak of on our shirts, and Mrs. Clear Starch is becoming exceedingly remiss in the regeneration of our linen, not to mention the innumerable articles she confiscates weekly upon principle. A wife would institute a reform in these several departments. Do you imagine for one moment that a laundress would leave the mark of a flat-iron on the bosom of a married man's shirt, or that she would appropriate a married man's handkerchiefs and collars to her own individual use without a word of apology? Certainly not; and now to proceed to the final point of my argument, eminently rising young men like us rise a great deal faster with a rich father-in-law like Spragg of Wall street to back them."

"So you have resolved to marry the cream candy girl," I said.

"I seriously contemplate making fierce love to the daughter of Spragg. I wish she knew more. I wish she wasn't quite so affected. I wish she didn't look like cream candy and write silly verses, as I inferred from the specimens shown me by her mamma she is addicted to doing. But where shall one look for human perfection? It has ceased to exist since Arcadian shepherdesses went out of fashion, and Spragg's daughter has those fadeless attractions, which although susceptible to 'moth and rust, and which sometimes induce thieves to break through and steal,' find favor in the eyes of young physicians with a limited practice, particularly if they do not feel at all certain of ever possessing a more enduring treasure."

"Well, go ahead, doctor!" I answered, taking up the before-mentioned tin measure, "and here's to the health of the future Mrs. Wedgewood."

"Drink heartily, my friend. The sentiment does you credit. What a flood of conflicting emotions crowd upon my soul at the mention of the name. The sweet Mrs. W———, the languishing Mrs. W———, the affectionate and affected Mrs. W———! I seem to see her now, and her father also. Ye gods! Guy, just think of it! I shall have to call old Spragg father, but never mind! I drink to your health, father Spragg. May your days be brief, and when your work is finished, and you have ceased to wander through this vale of tears, may it be said of you that you left a handsome fortune to your daughter and the chosen of her heart."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Kingly Writers.

At the present moment authorship seems to be the fashionable pastime at the courts of Europe. It is tolerably well known that Queen Victoria has been for some time engaged upon a series of compositions—of the essay form, we believe—which are to be published, or at least privately printed, when her Majesty shall deem them sufficiently complete. The Crown Prince of Prussia is engaged upon a history of the Electoral Princes of Brandenburg. The ex King of Greece (Otho of Bavaria) is translating the "Illiad" of Homer; and his father, Louis, ex-King of Bavaria, is at Nice, giving the last touch to a new volume of poems. King John, of Saxony, has just issued the third and last volume of Dante's "Divina Commodia," translated by himself into German. The literary labors of the Emperor and Empress of the French have been subjects for conversation and criticism for a long time.

INTENSE HEAT FROM GAS.—M. Schlossing has succeeded in discovering an arrangement by which an intense heat, sufficient to melt iron, can be got from ordinary gas. The principle of his contrivance is the complete combustion of the proportionate amounts of gas and air within a confined space, and the continuous supply of the combustible materials. A copper tube, carefully pierced, is the chief instrument in securing those results. M. Schlossing was able to melt a piece of iron, weighing 400 gms., in twenty minutes by his plan.

☞ If imaginative people only try all the specifics for cholera that are given in the papers, they will soon place themselves beyond the reach of cholera—or any other disease.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1866.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In our present number we commence a new story called

The Mutual Consolation Society,

by the author of "Eve Isle," the quiet humor of certain portions of which we are inclined to think will make the gravest reader occasionally smile, and the more jovial ones laugh right out.

The idea of a "Mutual Consolation Society," for the benefit of all those talented gentlemen who are not appreciated by the world at large, is a very good one. We think there are very few towns—or even villages—where a branch society could not be organized.

We hope to be able to commence Mr. Bennett's new story before very long. It will be sailed

THE WHITE SLAVE;

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

And we think we may promise the many admirers of Mr. Bennett a rare treat in this production.

Our exchanges will greatly oblige us by calling attention to the above announcements.

WAR IN EUROPE.

A great monetary panic was produced in England by what purported to be a speech delivered by Louis Napoleon at Auxerre—but which speech really was written out afterwards, and sent to the *Moniteur*. It is as follows:—

"I see with pleasure that the memory of the First Empire has not been effaced from your minds. Believe me, for my own part, I have inherited the feelings entertained by the chief of my family for this energetic and patriotic population, who sustained the Emperor in good as in evil fortune. I have a debt of gratitude to discharge toward Yonne. This department was the first to give me its suffrages in 1848, because it knew, with the majority of the French people, that its interests were my interests, and that I INTERESTED EQUALLY WITH THEM THOSE TREATIES OF 1815 WHICH IT IS NOW SOUGHT TO MAKE THE SOLE BASIS OF OUR FOREIGN POLICY. I thank you for the sentiments you have expressed toward me. Among you I breathe freely, for it is among the working population, both in town and country, that I find the real genius of France."

This was supposed to mean immediate war. But the French Government has given assurances to England that it was only a "theoretical" statement—and an answer to a speech in the Chamber of Deputies.

If it means anything practical, it certainly bears as strongly against Prussia as Austria—and, we suppose, means that the French frontier ought to take in Belgium, and extend to the Rhine; and that Italy ought to have Venetia.

The entire armies of Prussia, Austria, Italy, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Saxony, Hanover, and most or all of the minor German states have been put upon the war footing. England, as the Earl of Clarendon stated in the House of Lords, was willing to offer her good services for the preservation of peace; but standing alone she "could do nothing against the determination that war was the most effective means—the only effective means of giving effect to an ambitious policy."

Austria still appears anxious to avert war, if possible. She not only adheres to her offer to disarm, so soon as Italy and Prussia will do the same, but she has offered to open new negotiations with Prussia concerning the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein on another basis. But Prussia and Italy are more anxious for war than Austria for peace, and shrink from every offer that could possibly avert war. Both are bent on aggrandizement, and if they should be unable to escape the restoration of peace, the heavy expenses incurred by their armaments would be useless, and would have to be repeated perhaps under circumstances less favorable.

The minor German states openly range themselves on the side of Austria. Saxony, on the sitting of the Federal Diet, on May 5, moved that Prussia should be requested to make a pacific declaration, as otherwise the Diet would be compelled to take those steps which have been provided by Article 19 of the Federal Act. This resolution, threatening Prussia with the declaration against her of a federal war, was adopted on the 9th inst. Prussia made her compliance with the resolution dependent upon the disarmament of the other members of the Confederation; which, under present circumstances, is equivalent to a defiance of the authority of the Diet.

This new complication may bring on the opening of hostilities in Germany at any moment. The first scene of the war will be the Kingdom of Saxony, which both belligerent parties are desirous to occupy.

In Italy, an attack upon Venetia was expected on the 11th of May. The rumor has already proved to be erroneous, but the appointment of General Garibaldi to an important command will accelerate the opening of the war in this quarter.

The next arrival will probably enable us to see whether war is to rage, or be for the present checked. As to the financial panic in England, the Bank of England will probably succeed in allaying the monetary storm.

CARL GAERTNER'S MATINEE.

Those of our readers who attended the Classical Matinée given by Mr. Carl Gaertner on Thursday, May 17, and who have some knowledge of what music is, must have felt a thrill of pride to know that Philadelphia possessed so great an artist as this gentleman. Much as we have always admired our great violinist, we were never more fully impressed with the might of his magic power than upon this occasion. He was, if possible, grander than ever, and played throughout the Concert with inspiration. His violin solo was gigantic, and in the Beethoven Kreutzer Sonata he seemed to breathe in the spirit of the master. M'me Abel, the pianist from New York, was all that we had expected to find her. Her touch is clear and good, her execution graceful, and she has besides decided character. In the Kreutzer Sonata she gave much pleasure to the intelligent auditor, and Mr. Gaertner, with whom she played it, seemed well satisfied with her performances, which we think the highest praise she could receive. We were much delighted, too, with her rendering of the Chopin Polonaise, for she played it excellently well. One of the features of the entertainment was the mournfully beautiful Schumann Duo, given most exquisitely by both M'me Abel and our Philadelphia classical pianist, Mr. Chas. Jarvis. This Duo was performed upon two splendid Steck Grands, furnished by Mr. J. E. Gould. This beautiful Matinée was most suitably concluded by the Mendelssohn Quintette in B flat, led by Mr. Gaertner, and given altogether to the utmost perfection by our "Classical Quintette Club." This association, consisting of Messrs. Carl Gaertner, Charles Jarvis, T. Kammerer, C. Plagnean and C. Schmitz, all of them artists of high standing, is one of which Philadelphia has every cause to be proud, and the thanks of all who love the music of the great masters are due to Mr. Gaertner for instituting and directing such a Club.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS. By GEORGE H. MOORE, Librarian of the New York Historical Society and Corresponding Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. This is the volume of which we recently published a long notice from the New York Commercial. It will attract great attention from those interested in the early history of slavery in this country.

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL, AFTERWARDS MISTRESS MILTON. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York, and for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

LOVE'S CONFLICT. By FLORENCE MARRYATT, (Mrs. ROSS CHURCH.) Published by Loring, Boston, and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE. Book fourth and last. For sale by A. Winch, 505 Chestnut street, Philada.

☞ At a hotel table at Meridian, Miss., a Union soldier rose from his seat and kindly waited upon a one armed Confederate soldier, who could not help himself very well. The attention was naturally and delicately paid and gratefully received; and it made a decided impression upon the other guests.

☞ Bishop Lay has been rejected and Dr. Wilmer chosen bishop of the diocese of Louisiana.

☞ The editor of an Eastern paper says:—"We have adopted the eight-hour system in this office. We commence work at eight in the morning—and end work at eight in the evening."

☞ Miss Georgiana Hill has written, and Routledge & Co., (London,) have published a book showing *How to cook or serve eggs in a hundred ways*; but she says that in French cookery no less than six hundred and eighty-five ways of preparing eggs are recognized!

☞ CHARLES KINGSLEY.—The London correspondent of a Western paper has been to hear Charles Kingsley preach, and describes him as a red-faced, thin-lipped, sharp-featured man, with an unpleasant manner, lacking repose and simplicity.

☞ COMING TO A STANDSTILL.—A French professor has discovered that the earth does not move round so fast as it did two thousand years ago. The learned man computes that in one thousand six hundred millions of years it will come to a standstill.

☞ The New York Tribune foots up the bank swindlings and embezzlements for the last twelve months at about $8,164,000.

☞ Professor Leone Levi says, "there are in Scotland upward of two millions of acres of forests."

☞ A fashionable but ignorant lady, desirous of purchasing a watch, was shown a very beautiful one, the shop-keeper remarking that it went thirty-six hours: "What, in one day?" she asked.

☞ The constant occurrence of contested will cases reminds one of the remark of a gentleman in reference to unjust testamentary bequests, "that laws should be passed to make dead men behave themselves."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

ANSWERING INQUIRIES—A BIT OF BIOGRAPHY—OUR PARTY—OUT TO SEA—PACIFIC SAILING—TAKING IN SAIL—A PACIFIC TORNADO—RESULTS OF RECKLESSNESS—CRUSOE LAND.

Since the publication of these sketches was commenced, there have been several questions put to the writer concerning them, two or three of which it seems quite proper to reply to.

1st.—"Were the adventures of which you tell us real ones?"

In reply, I have to say that when one sets out in search of adventures in any country, the search is generally successful, and I am not aware that we found in all the wild, savage and semi-civilized regions we traversed, hope and mishaps more strange than we read of in our papers as occurring almost every day with people in the United States—as occurred almost every hour among our fleets and armies during our four years of fighting.

2nd.—"Your purpose in vagabondizing through South America?"

Various, as the material that made up our party. Science with three at least of the number. That which sent the insatiate Spaniards swarming over and subjugating by fire, sword, and monstrous murder, South, Central, and a vast territory of North America—GOLD. John Gilpin went his ride because his horse would go; so there were those who went their wanderings with us, because near and dear friends would go. Half, were like a class of people—a rather numerous one too, common everywhere—better off anywhere else than where they were. Why not better go anywhere? And they went. Some of us went because, like express messengers, and itinerent preachers, that was our avocation. We were paid for going. There were motives and inducements enough to have met the requirements of five times our number.

3rd.—"Are the characters and names real?"

What would invention have profited any of us? I could not have created anything a fiftieth part as good as were, and are to-day, several of our ex-*compañeros* I have mentioned. I would not have invented anything quite so bad as a few of our party whom I have not named at all. Do not intend to. There is no spot or blemish upon the fair name of one of the parties introduced, and their full permission was obtained to present them in *proper persona*—all save Dr. Joseph Bond, of Maryland. He is gone—murdered by South American barbarians; by tortures more than infernal; and each one of us who knew him can bear testimony that a nobler, braver, or better man, never lived in any country.

John Calvart Cator, is a gentleman and gentlemanly planter living to-day within sight of the battle-ground of Guilford C. H., North Carolina; all through the rebellion loyal and true as steel to the Union cause.

Tusant Masonville, in speech as wrong end foremost as ever, is a model farmer near the Moravian Towns on the river Thames, London District, Canada West.

Col. Henry White is a Buffalonian still, and his amiable lady, a Chilena of Santiago, though wonderfully North Americanized. Senor Jose Marquez Monteiro, and Senora Mercita, his accomplished Massachusetts Yankee wife, were, six months since, at their lovely Eden home in Southern Brazil; the Senor acting U. S. Consul for the province.

Edith Bond as such, some time since went out of existence matrimonially, but lives *our* Edith still, and widely loved, in the "Pines" of Anne Arundel, within a few miles of Baltimore.

O'Harra and our Di Vernon Kate, are forty odd miles from us as the crow flies, respectable, respected and happy; and Mrs. O'Harra, though by no means the dashing mad-cap of the far southern sierra and pampa, is to-day the same light-hearted, generous, good, and impulsive Kate O'Harra as ever.

Senora Minnie "Cosmo" is—an *angel*—buried in the blue depth of the Caribbean Sea.

I should have preferred to have written these brief biographies and obituaries at the conclusion of our wanderings; but the explanation was pressed, and I have given it. And now we may proceed on our cruise towards the South Pacific island immortalized almost by D. Defoe

From Valparaiso to the island of Juan Fernandez, the course is nearly due west, distance about four hundred and fifty miles. From Concepcion to the island, north-west, five hundred. So as our departure from Talcahuano was taken at about noon, with the breeze moderate at about north-east, with every indication of a week of light moderate weather following, our calculations were that somewhere about noon on the third day, we should be swinging to our anchors within the coral reef harbor at Crusoe Land. But the slip that comes so often betwixt cup and lip, came to us too, and quite as unlooked for as it has done to millions besides.

The parallel of thirty south latitude followed from Coquimbo out into the Pacific from five hundred and fifty to six hundred miles, divides the tempestuous from the pacific regions proper of the great Pacific Ocean, as has in all past time the line of Mason and Dixon, the political complexion and character of the population on either side of it.

North of 30 south down to the equator, it is all Pacific for five hundred miles from the coast. Sailors go bare-foot, in duck trowsers, and eat, drink and sleep on deck. Native passengers, never seek or accept cabin accommodations—always camping on deck, sleeping under the bright blue sky for a star spangled blanket. It never rains until one is down past Callao—never blows uncomfortably till you pass Cape Blanco. But south of 30—not always Pacific there. Our experience is a fair example.

The breeze had held on steadily during the afternoon and evening; but about ten P. M., it came on squally, with hail and rain by times, disagreeable enough, and very properly Captain Marsden took in all light canvas, furled top-gallant sails, and put the ship under double reefed top-sails and reefed courses; though we saw two of our whale-hunter consorts drive past us in a hail squall, and pass out of sight ahead, carrying top-gallant sails. Captain Wilmer, of the Junior, more prudent, however, put his ship under snug sail, and we jogged along through the night in company very comfortably.

It was about sunrise I think, though there was no sun or anything else to be seen, when I went on deck and found the ship becalmed, in—it was not a fog—rather a brassy opaque glare all around us, through which nothing could be seen fifty fathoms. The peculiar gloom was as if the whole atmosphere had been impregnated with black jaundice—black and yellow, the yellow predominating—even the sailors' persons and faces looked cadaverous—a black, sickly yellow.

Mr. Wyman, the chief mate, had the morning watch, and was busy when I went on deck shortening sail. He had got the jib in, the spanker brailed snug in to the mast, and was preparing to haul the reefed mainsail up, when Capt. Marsden came on deck, looked at the mate's proceedings with astonishment, and then said, just a little impatiently:

"What does all this mean, Mr. Wyman? Why are you shortening sail, sir, in a calm?"

"It will not remain calm many minutes, Capt. Marsden. I thought it prudent to strip her down to hurricane canvas."

The mate was a middle-aged man, a prime seaman, and a South Pacific veteran.

"Poh! Nonsense, Mr. Wyman. You are timid; quite *over* prudent this morning. Call the starboard watch, sir, and make all sail on the ship. Nothing to be afraid of that I can—"

"Nothing to fear, you lubber! you green—know-nothing—fear-nothing!" ripped out Cator, who just then came tearing on deck bare-headed, bare-foot—nothing but shirt and trowsers on. "Up with that mainsail, Mr. Wyman—up with it, sir—clew garnets—buntlines and leechlines—tacks and sheets let go! Haul like horses, my souls!"

Vip—whir-r-r—Cator let go the maintopsail halyards by the run—down came the yard on the lifts with a clash, and away went our impromptu commander forward, first letting fly the foretopsail halyards; and then he yelled down into the forecastle enough to wake the dead:

"Aboy there, starbollines! All hands shorten sail! Out you come—tumble up by the run, my lads!"

The mainsail was run up as snug as brails could hold it, the foresail followed it—out came the starboard watch, all the more promptly at the energetic call of a strange voice, and both the topsails were just barely hauled up close by clew and buntlines, when there came in rapid succession three vivid, blinding flashes of lightning—then a rushing, menacing baa-a-z—a wild whirl of mist and spray, and—we had it—the hurricane. More than that—a South Pacific tornado—*le Jazarino* (Algerine) the Spanish navigators call it.

Falling in full force upon the stationary ship, down she went bodily, until her lee rail was submerged, and for a few moments we thought she would have tripped off her legs entirely. But the stout foretopmast staysail held on bravely, swung her head gradually off from it, and gradually getting up on her keel she gathered way and sprang on and like the frightened mustang before the fierce following prairie fire.

In about three quarters of an hour we had every sail furled close, and then by putting the mizzen storm staysail on her, we might have hauled to by the wind, hove to, and she would have lain out the tornado comfortably. Captain Marsden would have done that, as we did not care to run to leeward of Juan Fernandez; but down came the Junior under a close reefed main topsail, scudding two feet to our one, listing far over to starboard, passing us close aboard, Capt. Wilmer roaring at us as he drove by that the first blast had knocked his ship flat down, and so shifted her ballast that he did not dare to heave her to, and there was nothing for it but a run to leeward till he could trim ship. So in twenty minutes we had the Esmeralda under a close reefed maintopsail also, and were driving away to leeward in company with the Junior.

In about half an hour after the tornado had fallen so furiously upon us, when the yellow brassy glare had been quite driven out of existence, we saw away to the westward, five or six miles, the two whale ships which had driven past us in the night under all sail so recklessly. They had paid the penalty of their fool-hardiness. One of them had lost jib boom and fore, topmast, the other her mizzen mast and both fore and maintopgallant masts, and both showed but the fragments of rent sails whipping from their yards in rags. Besides, they were both badly strained, and after the gale was over, bore up for Valparaiso, where it cost them two months of time and several thousand dollars each to repair damages.

When we had the Esmeralda perfectly in hand and were scudding away, keeping company with the jolly Junior, both as snug and dry as a pair of sea gulls, Captain Marsden went up to Mr. Wyman as he came aft, took his hand, and said frankly:

"Mr. Wyman, I beg your pardon, sir."

"Never mind, Captain Marsden," the bluff, honest officer replied, "it's of no consequence, sir, now; though it would have been, you see, if you had put sail on the ship as you were going to, and—"

"Should have done but for the timely interference of my superior here," the captain said, cutting out Mr. Wyman. "Captain Cator, we have to thank you for our lives, sir. With a single topsail on her, the ship, light as she is, would have turned turtle with us in ten seconds, and there would have been a woful end of our bridal trip, your wanderings, and 'My native land, good night,' for us all."

"There is much in education everywhere, Capt. Marsden," Cator replied. "I have seen these brassy South Pacific terrors before, to my sorrow. You will know one of the *jazarinos* the next time you meet him, sir. They are deceitful fellows—never to be trusted."

By sunset the tornado, which had blown at due south, had spent so much of its fury that we could carry double reefed topsails and whole courses to it, and the two ships close in company were hauled to, heading W. S. W. for our island destination. Before midnight it had moderated to a whole sail breeze and veered to S. E., and setting weather studding sails alow and aloft, we bowled merrily along through the night and the following day, till three o'clock, P. M., and then we had the hail of, "Land O!" from the look out, and saw the island dead ahead, looking like a great bluish brown Saratoga travelling trunk, with a convex top, planted away off there alone in the mighty Pacific

With an hour of sunlight left us, we passed in through the southern gap in the out-lying coral reef, followed closely by the Junior, and within thirty minutes thereafter, both ships swung to their best bowers in nine fathoms, capital holding ground, square off the "little cove" into which Selkirk ran his raft, the water as smooth as a mill pond, the anchorage a very secure one, our arrival too late in the day to put foot on Crusoe Land before morning, but in good time to see the hundreds of Chilean wood cutters coming in from their labor, the five hundreds of grazing goats, pigs in legions, dogs in droves, chickens innumerable, everywhere dotting the landscape, and in the foreground myriads of fishes leaping out of water as if eager to get a look at us and invite us to put in our hooks.

A Word about Fires--Old Type and Old Times--Old Subscribers--The United Brethren and Pennsylvania Scenery.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—Reading your account of the fire in the printing office of the famous, historical *Saturday Evening Post*, led me to think of the sympathy doubtless awakened in the minds of your old subscribers—the host of readers who, when children, read the Post, and who now, as men and women, are scattered "away out West," and pretty much all over the country. Half a century ago what a multitude of little ones looked eagerly for the coming of the Post; which was to them as "one of the family." They grew up under its weekly tuition; getting pretty much all they knew from its well filled columns. How your late fire will set even their more mature minds to thinking of the "old press," and the old wheelbarrow in which the illustrious Benjamin wheeled home his reams of paper. And especially that old type, in which he set up Poor Richard's Almanac, printing the sage maxim that "Three removes are as bad as a fire." The other day I reminded the readers of the Post of the Birth Day lines which I wrote for them 48 years ago. Then we had Franklin's press, and much of his old type; but I suppose the *new* has long since crowded out the *old*. There may be some relics preserved. I have a piece of Franklin's old press, at which he pulled like a good workman, little dreaming, with all his philosophy, of our steam and fast presses.

I am a great cherisher of relics, a lover of old times and old friends; and have several times travelled all over Pennsylvania; long before railroads or locomotives were dreamed of. Among the most pleasant and interesting towns in Pennsylvania was Bethlehem, to which I was frequently drawn in the olden time. What a perfect wilderness much of that region was when the *United Brethren* in 1741 first settled down upon the picturesque banks of the Lehigh, and gave to their little paradise the touching name of Bethlehem. Here the "Sisterhood" have devoted themselves to the instruction of young ladies, forming a seminary which has grown up into one of the leading institutions of the country. Bethlehem, under the prudent care of the Moravians, has imparted a wide spread interest to all that part of Pennsylvania, which has long been a favorite resort, both for invalids and pleasure seekers who appreciate the calm, quiet enjoyment of country life. All through that region, and beyond, Pennsylvania is rich in "legendary lore," of which the Valley of Wyoming is not the least portion. The scenery is ever-changing, and at times is inexpressibly sublime and beautiful. How fortunate it is that all that delightful portion of the grand old commonwealth is made so freely accessible by the North Pennsylvania Railroad, which, under the able management of its popular and gentlemanly president, furnishes to our citizens one of the most safe and pleasant lines of travel to be found in the country.

My attention has just been arrested by an incident of peculiar interest, in the discovery of one of the Bethlehem "Sisterhood," whom I supposed long since gone to her reward; but who, it seems, still lingers upon the threshold. When a child—long before even my ancient connection with the old Post, that dear and cherished friend of my childhood was, with myself, a resident of Newport, R. I. But there we separated, and now I muse over the "Lang Syne" verse which recalls so many early friendships doomed to perish.

"But fortune points thy path of life far, far away from mine,
This hour may be when next we meet an auld lang syne." T. C. C.

A Terrific Writer.

The new sensation novelist in Paris is named Ponson du Terrail. He has just entered into an agreement, by which, for 40,000 francs he will furnish three new one-cent journals just started with feuilletons of the "chilled marrow" and "frozen blood" order, terrible enough to secure the whole of the womankind amongst the low order of Paris. It is said that Alexandre Dumas sighs to behold not so much his place but his popularity wrested from him by Ponson, who, without the shadow of talent or invention, manages to create an undivided interest in the burglars and pickpockets he chooses for his heroes. Work pours in upon this author to such extent that he is compelled, so says tradition, to employ a dozen secretaries, who fill up the framework he sketches out. Each employee has his speciality. One does the murders, another the dying farewells. Some are famous for courtship in the wood, beneath the light of the moon, others for violent assaults on darkest nights on deserted bridges over the Seine.

A Flint Piano.

A curious novelty has been brought to London, and is about to be exhibited to the public. It consists of a remarkable-looking piano made of flints suspended from an iron frame, which are struck with a short flint to produce the notes. The flints are about forty in number, and elongated, but of various lengths and thicknesses. They are arranged in the order of their tone, and the labor and investigation of years were required before the complete scale was formed. The tones are unlike those of any known instrument, as may be readily comprehended by any one who knows the ring of a piece of flint, and possess a sharpness that renders the ring peculiar, though by no means unpleasing. The flints are, many of them, very peculiar in form, and it would be a matter of no small difficulty to frame any coherent theory of the causes of the variety of tones observable, for they are by no means in the exact ratio of the size or weight of the different flints.

LADIES' COSTUME IN PARIS.—A correspondent thus gossips on this subject:—

"Turning from wars and rumors of wars," let me say a word as to how we (I mean the ladies, of course,) dress here. Though some cry out against our toilet and general mode of dress, I am charmed with it, of course. No crinoline, tight skirts, short waists, hair *a la Bonaparte*, the sandalled slipper, spangled in the case of the leaders of fashion, and occasionally with sandals of gold *chef*, the little bonnet so ethereal that a near-sighted person is at a loss to make it out. Ah! fancy a pretty woman thus arrayed, and I assure you, you might see a more repellant object any day in the week.

☞ The work of Russian serf emancipation will be completed by the middle of August next.

BUYERS AND SELLERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE SOMERS.

"The buyer needs a hundred eyes, the seller needs but one."

Well, that good old philosopher, whoever he might be, must have been only a buyer, and that of the simplest sort, or times must have changed wonderfully since his day.

Yes, Mr. Philosopher, as I am a seller, I should like to have lived in those good old times when I should have needed but one eye.

Expect half a dozen people didn't crowd in at once then, asking for as many different things, and as many more standing outside the door, asking—

"What's the price of this?" and "Is that the lowest?" while those inside were saying,

"There's a hole in that." "Here's a spot on this."

"Come, you must throw off something for that."

"If you'll sell me this cheap, I shall buy a great deal of you."

"I'll bring all my friends to trade here, if you'll take my price."

Suppose that price wasn't a dollar or two below cost in those days. Oh no, people hadn't degenerated then.

There were no pickpockets and thievish children, to say nothing of thieves of a larger growth, ready to grab their hands full, aye, and pockets full, too, when your one eye happened to be turned another way, looking for something to suit an over-particular customer. People didn't slip things into their baskets in those days, and then declare they had fallen behind the counter, and go off in a "huff," leaving you minus the goods and minus the pay for them too.

Suppose they never picked up the change after they had laid it down; or never passed counterfeit notes, and notes on broken banks.

Perhaps banks didn't break in those days, or they were not in unheard of places that you had to hunt up in the Detector, and meanwhile lose impatient customers.

Suppose goods were never bought, with orders for new and expensive material to be added, and then never called for, or if you happened to dispose of such articles below cost, their owners didn't turn up a year or two after and demand satisfaction.

In short, the no end of such tricks and annoyances that the storekeeper has to encounter now-a-days were unknown and unheard of then.

A Great Patron of Medicines.

Instances are not rare of persons who, without being sick, take, from habit, huge doses of medicine, frequently denying themselves the comforts of life in order that they may indulge an unnatural appetite. We do not know the scientific name of this mania, but the individual described in the following paragraph might be appropriately styled a "*pillar* of society:"

On Saturday, the 17th of May, 1817, died at Heckingham, Lincolnshire, Mr. Samuel Jessup, an opulent grazier, of pill-taking memory, aged 65. He lived in a very eccentric way, as a bachelor, without known relatives, and has died possessed of a good fortune, notwithstanding a most immoderate craving for physic by which he was distinguished for the last twenty years of his life. Our readers will remember the curious pill and potion trial at the last assizes at Lincoln. The deceased, Mr. Jessup, was the defendant in the action. In 21 years (from 1794 to 1816) the deceased took 229,834 pills, supplied by a respectable apothecary in Rottesford; which is at the rate of 10,806 pills a year, or 29 pills each day! But as the patient began with a more moderate appetite, and increased it as he proceeded, in the last five years preceding 1816 he took the pills at the rate of 78 a day, and in the year 1814 swallowed not less than 50,590. Notwithstanding this, and the addition of 40,000 bottles of mixture, and julep and electuaries, extending altogether to 55 closely-written columns of an apothecary's bill, the deceased lived to attain the age of 65 years!

☞ A PALPABLE HIT.—A negro orator at a recent meeting said: "I should be as much ashamed of a black man who made a merit of his complexion, as of one who made a merit of the curl of his hair, which I find it difficult just now to prevent myself from doing, when I observe the attempts to imitate it upon the part of the white American people."

☞ A slaughter-house has been erected near Chicago, to do the entire slaughtering of that city. It is 270 feet long by 175 wide, and is three stories high, and can work off daily 15,000 head of cattle, hogs and sheep.

☞ The Correspondent, of Nuremberg, narrates an amusing incident connected with the dispute in Germany. Several German states having expressed a wish to provide their troops with "needle guns," Prussia obligingly furnished the arms required, and took their old muskets in exchange. As, however, the new rifles can only be used with ammunition furnished by the Prussian Government, Prussia may, by withholding it, prevent a shot from being fired by those states without her consent.

☞ A company called the "Cash Payment Association," intended to take advantage of the difference between cash and credit prices, has been formed in London, England. Every person who pays ten shillings a year to the association receives a list of shops at which, for ready money, he may obtain goods from seven to twenty five per cent. cheaper than he otherwise would. The tradesmen give the pledge to the association, being themselves repaid by the additional customers sent them.

☞ The inhabitants of Taschkent have voluntarily resolved to set free their Persian slaves, as a compliment to the Czar, having learned that the Russians had emancipated their serfs in deference to his wishes. The Russian papers cite this as a proof of the civilizing influence of Russia in the East.

☞ The Louisville Journal has been shown a sample of plug tobacco manufactured from brown paper and tobacco stems. The plugs are scented with liquorice and painted with lamp-black. The market has been flooded with this bogus article, which beats wooden hams and nutmegs.

☞ A hospital for wandering and homeless dogs is the last pet scheme of some of the high-born ladies of England. A grand fancy fair for its benefit was recently held in London. Prominent among the patronesses was Lady Bulwer Lytton.

☞ Santa Anna is described as a "fine-looking gentleman, sixty-eight years of age, with dark brown hair, and apparently enjoying the best of health."

What has Become of the Gold Watches?

A city cotemporary thus discusses the singular disappearance of gold watches throughout the country since the Government has levied a tax upon them:—

The question "What has become of all the pins?" now sinks into insignificance beside another inquiry of more serious moment—What has become of all the gold watches? This country has been famous for these glittering time-pieces. Not a well to-do-gentleman in any part of the land but had his gold ticker, they were an indispensable portion of a young lady's attire, and even beardless boys were eager to possess the coveted treasure, and could not wait for it until they came to man's estate. But, unfortunately for the happy owners of these elegant articles, the eye of the greedy tax gatherer was caught by their glitter, and they were to be made to contribute to the National Revenue. Any gold watch in use, worth less than $100, was to be charged $1, and when valued at over $100, was to pay $2 tax per annum. At this precise moment, by a singular coincidence, a large part of the gold watches in many states disappeared from record. The sudden vanishing of so much valuable property should be a matter of public concern, and we desire to direct toward it the attention of all who are interested, in the hope of obtaining some explanation of this remarkable phenomenon. The following, from the latest official return of the Commissioners of Internal Revenue, exhibits the extent of this startling loss, and may partially aid in its recovery:

States and territories.	*Worth less than $100.*	*Worth more than $100.*
Maine	6	1
New Hampshire	83	3
Vermont	2	—
Massachusetts	38	9
Rhode Island	—	—
Connecticut	—	—
New York	885	201
New Jersey	4	—
Pennsylvania	1,146	158
Delaware	—	—
Maryland	883	91
Virginia	167	32
Kentucky	297	36
Tennessee	162	77
Ohio	46	—
Indiana	220	36
Illinois	4	—
Michigan	1	—
Wisconsin	—	—
Iowa	—	—
Minnesota	—	—
Missouri	1,549	320
Kansas	—	—
California	857	211
Oregon	298	28
Nevada	—	—
Colorado	—	—
Nebraska	19	2
Utah	—	—
Washington	2	—
New Mexico	35	39
Montana	—	—
Total	6,654	1,242

Thus we have only 7,896 gold watches left out of all the thousands which were owned before the war; and some states have not a single specimen. Rhode Island, the home of the wealthy Senator Sprague, has not one of the yellow treasures, even of the most inferior description. Connecticut has not one, and her late patriotic Governor, it is fair to infer, sports only a silver bull's-eye of the antique pattern. And Wisconsin? Iowa? Minnesota? Kansas? and the other blanks? Alas! we have no answer. Vermont has two, but they are worth less than $100. Only two gold watches of any description in all Vermont! In Michigan there is one. Who is the fortunate man? Will not some historical society in that bereft Commonwealth give us the name of this fortunate gentleman who still retains his yellow time-piece? Strange to say Missouri heads the list, and has been the least "spoiled" by the threatening tax gatherer.

☞ A new style of boarding house has been opened in New York, in which organ grinders' monkeys are furnished with all the comforts of a home at the moderate rate of $1 50 a week.

☞ A Pacific paper says: "The latest news from Montana is doleful enough—thousands of men vainly prospecting for diggings; nothing paying over two dollars per day; men constantly freezing to death; tea four dollars per pound; flour thirty dollars per hundred; men living on bread and water, or venison straight."

☞ Most everybody has heard the anecdote of Sheridan's telling his son to take a wife, when the son replied, "Yes, father, but whose wife shall I take?" A similar story is the following: A young gentleman says to the Colonel a few days since—"Colonel, I wish to start a newspaper." "Very well," replied the Colonel, "which newspaper do you wish to start?"

☞ A poor tailor, dunning for an old debt the other day, wrote as follows: "Dear Jim—Tais little account has been standing seven years, and I think it is high time it was paid." To which Jim replied on the same sheet of paper, while Snip's boy was waiting: "Dear Sam—I don't; and may a little difference of opinion never alter friendship." What a splendid diplomatist Sam would have made.

☞ A paper "skirt" (*i. e.*) petticoat has been invented to replace crinoline. It is a Yankee idea, and is said to be light and cheap.

☞ Among the new journals advertised in Paris, the latest is called *Le Piloto*, and purports to be written by fools, to be read by the same.

☞ More than a thousand steam voyages across the Atlantic will be made during the present year by the vessels of different lines. This is more than in any previous year.

☞ A correspondent of the Syracuse Journal suggests taxing thieves and pickpockets ten per cent. on all property taken.

☞ Mr. A. J. Davis, the voluminous writer on Spiritualism, says that "the spiritual world is made from life-points sent out from the chemical coalition of the planets."

☞ ARTEMUS ON THE BRINY DEEP.—A. Ward thus describes his perils at sea:—"Deth stared us into the face. But we had rather the advantage of Deth. While Deth stared us into the face, thar was about seventy of us starein Deth into the face. The prospect wasn't pleasin' to us. Not much. I don't know how Deth liked it."

☞ If "France only moves when she pleases," it is worth mentioning that she has pleased to move, on several great historical occasions, considerably faster on account of outside pressure. Like the darkey who ran from the constable, "I wan't in no hurry, but I tought little exumcise might be helfy."

ONE WRONGED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

She watched the setting of her sun,
And paler grew as came the night;
Another day of woe was done—
The moon shone on her cold and white;
No warmth was in the silvery beam,
No life or warmth seemed in her heart—
And earth lay stretched, a long, blank dream,
Where she had walked and done her part.

Oh, Faith and Hope—oh, Trust and Truth!
How like the golden seaside sands
They glide from out the years of youth
And lay in wrecks upon Life's strands!
She gave her Faith, and held it strong,
And Hope smiled brightly in her face,
But Trust was strangled dead by Wrong,
While Truth to Doubt and Fear gave place.

A painful Past—a Future blank,
A Present full of burning stings!
'Tis well the deathless soul may rank
With those upheld on Angel wings.
Else comes the question: What is Life,
Where all of hope has died at last?
And why prolong a bitter strife
Where nought's to gain, and all is past?

So weak and weary—worn and ill—
Sickened and lonely—near to death—
And yet, oh, heart, be patient still—
Nor gladly note each fleeting breath.
One hope still, star-like, shines above,
Though all of earth grow cold and stern,
The world may kill, but Heavenly Love
Beyond it will forever burn!

PHILIP MORTON;

OR,

Adventures on the Pennsylvania Frontier.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR of "The Scout," "The Quaker Partisans," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Henry Peterson & Co., in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXII.

I left Sexton, entertaining serious thoughts of getting married. He succeeded, after a good deal of persuasion, in bringing Carrie to the same way of thinking, then her mother, then her father, who both made the usual objections made by parents in such cases, when they intend to give their consent at any rate. Philip's opinion was not asked for the reason that he was away off on the frontier, somewhere, whither he had gone when the spring opened.

When the excitement and occupation of getting things to rights at the new home were over, he found the old brooding melancholy coming over him again. It would not do for him to have thinking time on his hands yet; there was nothing for him to do at home—he had tasted the freedom of ranger life too deeply to be willing to subject himself to the restraints of the army, in which he could have procured a commission without difficulty—he began to yearn for the old, free, out-of-door life, and so, when the blue-birds came, Philip Morton shouldered his knapsack, took his yager rifle and struck off afoot for Harris's Station, intending, if Eli should not be there, to procure a guide and go on to the village of the Delawares and spend the summer there. Since he left his people had not heard from him, there being no communication with the interior, except by the traders in their periodical visits to the city.

After a good deal of consultation the wedding was fixed to take place on the twenty-first of the following November, Carrie's birth-day. While the preparations are going on, in which I can give no assistance, I will follow Philip, and see where his wanderings lead him.

Arrived at the block-house, he found matters pretty much as he had left them a year before. Colonel Wharton was still in command, hale and hearty, with his old dread of women and children still active, and a more inveterate old bachelor than ever.

Adam Gordon, bluff and burly as ever, was there, hunting deer and "bar," exterminating "varmint" as of old—the soldiers were drilling every day in the old fashion—the settlement had a few more cabins in it, and the woods were a little more cleared away; but the greatest change of all was in Sally Lightfoot, whom he found a broken-hearted woman, all her shrewishness gone, kind and gentle to all, mourning for her husband, whose worth she now realized, and reproaching herself always with having caused his death. There was a settled, weary look of sorrow upon her face, which had softened the hard, sharp lines Philip had been so familiar with.

After a long conversation with her, in which she spoke with so much affection of her husband and deep regret at the manner in which she had treated him, of which she spoke freely, and told, with so much feeling, of the kindness with which she had been treated by all around her in her affliction and poverty, particularly by Adam Gordon, who, indeed, had almost kept her supplied with food ever since his return, Philip could not help alluding to it to Colonel Wharton.

"Why, yes," said the latter; "I never saw such a change in any one; she's a perfect jewel when any one's sick; the kindest, gentlest, most attentive nurse you ever saw; it's wonderful."

"I think she had a young child when Tom left," said Philip.

"Poor little fellow! He died last winter," said the colonel, with feeling; "she grieved sorely for him, for it left her entirely alone. I think, however, it did a good deal towards bringing about the change in her character."

"Have you heard anything of Eli?" said Morton, changing the subject, "and that young imp of a Weasel that went with him to the Delaware village?"

"Oh! yes; they've been there ever since; we've heard of them several times from runners; the boy's coming out just what I expected; a perfect little wild cat;—by-the-way, that reminds me that the fellow whose life you saved after that little affair across the river, more than a year ago, is here now."

"Wild-Cat!" exclaimed Philip, "I should like to see him."

"He's going back in a day or two, and can carry news to Eli of your arrival here. Sure enough there he comes. Here you! Wild-Cat! Here's a friend of yours wants to see you—"

"Dat not way to call Injin, when he sober," said Wild-Cat, turning sullenly enough, but catching sight of Philip, the displeased expression vanished instantly; and though he had too much of that overstrained reticence which all Indian warriors affect in their intercourse with whites to make any particular demonstration of delight, the feeling was evident in the lighting up of his face as he came forward, offering his hand to Philip who grasped it warmly.

"I am very glad to see you, Wild-Cat," he said; "is all well in the village? Diahausa, and the Bald-Eagle and the little Weasel; are they well?"

"Wild-Cat very glad to shake hands again wid he brother," said the Indian, "tink of him many time since dey go togeder on war-path and strike de Chippewas and Oui-ouis. Bald-Eagle live wid Delaware; he speak at de council-fire, for he wise; he strong and his hand heavy, and his foot swift agin de enemies of de Delaware."

"And little Frank?" inquired Philip.

"Weasel be be a great warrior soon. Make de Chippewa squaws mourn; and de nation sing death-song for de young mens' scalp."

"And what about Diahausa and Bright-Lightning?"

"Bright-Lightning she go to Diahausa's wigwam," answered the Indian.

"I am glad of that," said Philip; "I was afraid, from what I heard in the camp, that there would be trouble about some of the young officers."

"She no see 'em any more; her husband an' what you call "pappoose" stand 'tween 'em an' she no see notin' else, now. One Saggenah red-coat, he come an' try to sing in squaw's ear; squaw tell Diahausa, an' he got he scalp; ugh!"

"Did he kill him?" inquired Philip.

"Injin don't take scalp off live man, if he know," said Wild-Cat, dryly; "dat Saggenah's moder nebber see him agin. Larn him not to meddle wid Injin squaw, 'noder time, anyhow."

"When are you going back to the village?" said Philip; "I should like to go with you."

"Go to-morrow," said Wild-Cat, evidently much pleased; "chiefs be glad to see Short-Gun; Storm-Cloud talk 'bout 'um, Bald-Eagle talk 'bout 'um, leetle, not much; no talk much 'bout anying; Wild-Cat talk 'bout 'um an' de medicine; where de medicine? No come wid he broder?"

"Sexton?" said Philip, smiling, "no; he is in the city on the great river towards the rising sun; he is a medicine man there too."

"He great medicine," said the Indian; "how he make Wild Cat strong agin, dat time? you know dat, eh?"

"By making Wild-Cat keep still till his strength came back to him," said Philip, laughing, "and a troublesome job he had of it—"

"But, Morton, you're not going so soon, are you?" said Colonel Wharton; "I was in hopes you were going to spend the summer with us."

"No," said Philip, "I want to try a taste of wild life among the Indians themselves, and this is too good an opportunity to be lost, as I doubt if I could find those I want to reach, without a guide."

"Well, I'm sorry," said the commandant, "but I suppose you must have your own way; I feel a little selfish about it, though, for it's terribly dull here with nobody to talk to."

"Oh, I shall be back again before the snow comes," said Philip.

By sunrise the next morning the two men were on their way. They pushed on rapidly, sustaining themselves upon a store of parched corn, in part, and in part upon such game as came in their way, without meeting any adventure, until they came in sight of the village, which was upon the bank of a small creek that wound its way through the forest, near the foot of a high ridge of ground rising somewhat steeply in the rear of the village. When they reached the crest of this ridge, from which they could look directly upon the lodges which were clustered together upon the level ground between it and the creek, they saw the whole place in commotion. Warriors were rushing forth from their lodges fully armed, brandishing their weapons, their fierce yells piercing sharply through the barking and yelping of the countless dogs which thronged the settlement, and the loud, piteous wailing of the women who were clustered around something upon the ground, near the centre of the place.

By the time Philip and his companion had descended unnoticed, the warriors had left the village and were scattered in the forest in hot pursuit of something, and none but the women and children, with a few feeble old men, were left. Making their way towards the crowd which still kept its place around the object, whatever it was, upon the ground, Philip and his companion both started, as if they had been shot, and then sprang forward eagerly, as they simultaneously caught, amid the confused shrieks and wailing, the words "Le Chasseur Noir!"

Forcing their way through the circle of women, there, upon the ground, stark dead, scalpless and with a deep knife gash across his forehead, the well known mark of the Black Hunter, lay Diahausa!

His wife was bending over him, not shrieking and wailing like the rest, but in dumb, speechless agony; now raising the nerveless hand in her own, now laying it down again, finding it motionless in her grasp. She held the child close to his face and watched the features, as though she thought that this *must* arouse him; then laying it gently beside him, she remained on her knees, bending over him with hands crossed upon her breast, and rocking slowly to and fro, while the piercing wails of the women and the tremulous voices of the old men as they sang the death-song rose solemnly on the air.

At last one of the old men arose, and moving slowly to the body, took the child, and laying it in its mother's arms, said: "It is a chief's son, Bright Lightning, and will, one day, lead the young men on the war path. Teach it to be as wise and brave and good as its father was. He is gone to the happy hunting grounds, where the snow falls not and the game never fails. He was brave and rash, and when he met the evil spirit he would not fly, but struck at him to destroy the destroyer and save his people. But why do Wild Cat and the stranger tarry here among the women?" he exclaimed, turning suddenly upon them, "when the evil spirit is abroad in the forest and the young men are seeking him?"

Without saying a word, Wild Cat turned, beckoning to Philip, and bounded up the slope like a deer, closely followed by his companion, whose blood was now tingling in his veins with fierce excitement.

Long and thoroughly was the forest searched, but in vain. No trace of the destroyer could be discovered. The body of Diahausa had been discovered about a mile down the creek, and it was evident that the murderer must have retreated by the water, as the tracks led into it and could not be recovered.

Slowly, as night came on, the warriors came dropping into the village by twos and threes, weary and sullen with their unsuccessful chase. Among them Philip easily recognized Eli and Frank, and was instantly recognized by them.

The latter had no idea of his presence until they met over the body of the slain chief.

"Is this Captain Jack's work?" said Philip, in a low voice, to Eli.

"Sartin," said the old man, gloomily; "I wouldn't ha' thunk it of him, though; to go to kill a Delaware that he know'd was my friend, and b'longed to a tribe that never harmed him—"

"Perhaps he mistook him for one of another tribe," said Philip.

"What! close by the village here! He take a Delaware for any other Injin! No, no, Master Philip; he knowed what he was about well enough. But he's bin rampagin' and murderin' up an' down, till he's got as bloodthirsty as a painter. Corn twist him, he'd better not come in range of old Mehitable here, arter this. But come; let's leave poor Storm-Cloud in the hands of his friends; they'd ruther not hev white men lookin' at the pow-wow they're goin' to make. Come, Weasel."

As the two men and the boy turned away, Morton, remembering what the last had said on the day of the "turkey shoot" at the block-house, said to him,

"Frank, I heard you say once that you intended to follow Captain Jack. How do you like this specimen of his work?"

"Lookee here," said the boy, fiercely, "when I said that I thought he was only a-huntin' the bloody Chippawas; by the hokey! an' that's as good as if I'd swored it, he'd better tek keer he don't let the Weasel ketch him asleep some time. If he does, I reckon he won't git awake agin soon;" and the boy's old, sharp face grew livid, and his black eyes gleamed under his drawn brows, and his slender, wiry frame shook with the deadly wrath that possessed him. He had not learned yet to command his temper and make it subservient to his iron will, as he did in after years in the school of hourly and unceasing peril, which required every faculty to be always on the alert and ready to act.

The next morning Diahausa was buried; they dressed him in his hunting suit, his cap of eagles' feathers on his head, and laid with him in his grave his arms and equipments, his dog, slain to accompany him to the happy hunting grounds, and a store of provisions to sustain him on the long journey before he could reach them.

Philip remained with the tribe for a short time, but the charm was gone, and sick at heart of savage life, he turned his back upon it this time forever. He had made many friends among the warriors and the old men, even in the short time he had been with them, and they urged him to stay among them and take the place of the young chief they had lost. He was a just Saggenah, they said; just enough for one of the Lenni Lenape; would he not stay and teach them the wisdom the Great Spirit had given to his white children?

But their entreaties were in vain; and after a sojourn of three weeks among them, Philip Morton turned his face towards civilization, and took his departure, accompanied by Eli Flint and Frank Lightfoot, for Harris's Station, all three loaded with presents which the kindness of the Indians had pressed upon them.

Philip had intended to remain with Colonel Wharton until October, and then return to the city. But upon his arrival there he found that the commandant had been recalled, and his place filled by a stranger, a priggish military dandy, a pipe clay martinet, about as fit for the station he occupied as Braddock had been to conduct the unhappy campaign of the preceding summer. He found also a letter awaiting him, brought by the government messenger sent to apprise Colonel Wharton of his recall, which informed him of the state of things with regard to Sexton and Carrie, and urging him to come home in time for the wedding, and winding up with a postscript from Sexton, "Be sure and bring Eli with you, Phil; they all want to see our old friend, and Carrie says she won't be married till he comes; so you see what a predicament I shall be in; don't take any refusal." The old man shook his head when this was read to him.

"I'm nothin' but a rough, unlarned old hunter," said he, "an' I wouldn't know how to behave among all the fine gentry; I *would* like to see the doctor agin, though; an' so he's a-goin' to git married; well, well, it's young folksses gift, I s'pose, an' I've nothin' to say agin it; I never had time to court anybody but old Mehitable here," slapping the butt of his preposterously long rifle affectionately; "she's always tuk good keer o' me. Well, Master Philip, if you think they wouldn't laugh at the awk'ard old codger, an' you'd try to larn him a little manners afore-hand, I wouldn't mind comin', to see how folks looks in the big settlement, as I wa'n't never in it."

"You'll come with me, then?" said Philip, eagerly.

"When is it to be?" inquired Eli.

Philip told him, but the old man shook his head again. "Too long, too long to stay where there's no game; but I'll tell you, Master Philip, if I've luck, I'll have a load of peltries in the fall, an' I'll bring 'em to Philadelphy in time for the wedding."

"Well," said Philip, "that will do; but how will I know when you come?"

"Why, Schnappa is goin' about that time, an' I'll git him to tell you when we come."

"Very well," said Philip, "I shall look for you then."

Before leaving the station, Philip volunteered some sound and useful advice to the young man in command, for he saw that he needed it.

It was received, as might have been expected, with a supercilious insolence, an elevation of the eyebrows that seemed to say: "Why, this is quite an original idea; positively refreshing;" which made Philip leave the block-house with many misgivings, but very little doubt as to what would be its fate and that of the settlement around it, should it undergo another siege such as that through which it had gone under Colonel Wharton's command.

CHAPTER XXIII.

November had come at last. Mrs. Morton, Ellen and Carrie were busy as bees, choosing dresses, sewing dresses, fitting dresses; needles, thread, and scissors held supreme command. The house was haunted by seamstresses. Table linen, carpets, sheets, towels, pillows, pillow-cases, and all the paraphernalia of "getting ready" were in uncontrolled possession; a quilting-frame occupied the library, and another the sitting-room; nobody had time to talk to anybody about anything but the one; even Sexton could only now and then get a chance for a little quiet talk, &c., with Carrie, and couldn't see, for the life of him, any more than could Mr. Morton or Philip, what was the necessity for such tremendous preparations for starting two people together, on a quiet voyage which both hoped would be a long one.

Nevertheless, with all the fuss and hurry, they were very happy in each other and in the prospect of the voyage; and if they did not see each other alone, as often as they would have liked to, they enjoyed the opportunities all the more when they came.

At last the 21st arrived, and they were ready for it. The last stitch had been set, the dresses all fitted, the bonnets had been sent home perfect after the third alteration, the carpets were all down in the new house which Sexton had bought, and the furniture was in its place.

Mrs. Morton had given her final directions to the cook about the dinner, and at 11 o'clock precisely, the carriages containing the bridal party set out for Christ Church; for the Mortons were too staunch Episcopalians to think of having the marriage take place anywhere else, particularly in a Quaker colony, where such things were eschewed; though curiously enough, until within comparatively late years, all Quaker marriages were performed in the meeting-house, on very much the same plan, though not exactly with the same ceremonies, as those among Episcopalians.

Eli had made his appearance in the city early in the month, under the guidance of Hans Spuytel, who, as soon as possible after their arrival, had sent word, according to promise, to Philip. The latter had immediately come for him in the carriage, into which he had a good deal of difficulty in persuading the old man to enter. When he was safely stowed inside, there was another "hitch;" his old companion, Mehitable, passively but doggedly refused to accommodate herself to the narrow quarters within the carriage. There was no use in twisting and turning her; if the muzzle was in the butt was out, and vice versa; Philip knew too much about the fancies of woodmen concerning their arms, to venture to suggest the idea of leaving the rifle behind him, for the present. Finally they got over the difficulty by resting the butt upon the carriage-floor and allowing the prodigiously long barrel to stick out through the rear window, thereby exciting the animadversion of some dirty little boys in largely ventilated breeches, who audibly and ignominiously likened the coach to a culinary utensil, capering alongside the horses and squeaking to Mose, who was driving, "Hello! Quashy, where'd you git so much sasepan? Won't you give us a taste o' them fellers when they're biled?" and sundry other disrespectful remarks of similar import, to Mose's intense disgust.

Philip and his companion were annoyed. Of course they were; I question if the most amiable man that ever lived, did not catch himself, under similar circumstances, wishing that he could let loose an assortment of hungry bears among them, after the fashion of Elijah when a gang of similar misbegotten imps were yelping after him.

They got rid of them, however, as they passed out of the city, and soon arrived at home, where Eli certainly had no cause to complain of his welcome.

It was an especial treat to Mr. Morton to have him there during the days that intervened before *the* day.

They were the only two persons in the house who were not busy from morning 'till night, and they had fine times comparing notes in regard to their widely different previous lives.

Well, as I said before, the 21st came, as might have been reasonably expected, the wedding party reached the church in good time, and in a few minutes more, standing before the chancel railing, Carrie Morton was made Mistress Caroline Sexton according to the impressive ritual of the Episcopal Church; and an impressive service it is; though, as regards the bridegroom, I don't know but I prefer the Quaker way of reading his declaration "I take thee, &c.," out of the crown of his hat (at least he always appears to do so,) to repeating it piecemeal after the clergyman as Sexton did.

If I had my friend Jenkins here, I would delight the hearts of my young lady readers with a description of the bride's wedding-dress and her trousseau generally, for he is fully competent to the task, which I am not; but I will say that she was dressed just as a bride ought to be dressed, and looked as pretty and interesting as a bride ought to look, which latter, however, was not at all a difficult thing for her.

Sexton looked resplendent in a richly laced coat, either blue or red, I am not quite certain which; but I rather think red, judging from an old portrait of him, which I strongly suspect was taken in his wedding-dress, and in which the coat is of the latter color.

He was firm and composed, though not quite so cool, perhaps, as usual, but that is not surprising.

Well, it was over; the bride was kissed amid plentiful tears. Sexton was congratulated, and a great many good things were said upon the occasion, though most of them were treasured up for the dinner-party, to which quite a large company was invited.

Eli had been present at the ceremony, for Carrie insisted upon it; and after the press of congratulations was over, his tall form came stalking forward. Carrie caught sight of him and sprang to meet him, clasping his big horny hand in her own little fingers, for she had conceived a great liking for the rugged old borderer, partly an echo, perhaps at first of Philip's attachment to him, but now on his own account. He had, on his part, manifested a strong interest in Carrie, from the first time he had seen her, for she "minded" him, he said, "of a little sister, the only kin he had left, that lived somewhere away off down in the southern country."

"Have you no happiness to wish me, Eli?" she said, as she held the hard rough hand between her own, "*you* must say something kind to me, too."

"What ought the rough old pine burr to say to the dilikit apple-blossom?" said Eli, laying his other hand gently upon the fair forehead that was turned up to him; "what happiness can he wish her more than she has now?"

"I don't think you can, Eli," she whispered, stretching up towards his ear. "I don't believe you can, in this world; but don't tell *him*, mind; I want to tell him myself, sometime."

"See here, Mrs. Doctor," said Philip, interrupting them, "when you're done purring in the Bald Eagle's ear, I want to take the liberty of informing you that your husband is trying his best to look as if he was waiting patiently—uncle Mose is getting impatient, and so is the clock; if we keep the dinner waiting, I would recommend you to steer clear of the cook for the next week."

The dinner was not kept waiting, however, for they reached the house in excellent time; the cook was in a capital humor, for nothing had gone wrong with the kitchen-fire, and everything was cooked just as it ought to be, and the dinner was a success.

The Mortons had made a number of very pleasant acquaintances, the most intimate of whom were present.

Eli, quaint, rugged, unsophisticated, was an object of general interest to all, and was so much pleased with the attention paid to him, that he began to conceive a much more exalted idea of civilization and of the way people lived in the settlements than he had ever had before.

Turning to Philip, who sat beside him, he said—

"This is a different sort o' dinner to what we were eatin' out on the Susquehanna, the arternoon we shot the big buck, Master Philip."

"Yes," said Philip; "but I have very pleasant recollections of those days, Eli; I don't know, after all, that I ever spent any happier. We never had but one meal off that buck, and I never got his horns, as I had intended, thanks to the work our Chippewa friends cut out for us that night and afterwards."

"You wouldn't have got through much of the work, Morton," interrupted Colonel Wharton, who was present, "if it hadn't been for poor Storm Cloud's promptness."

"We must have the story, Morton," said one of the gentlemen present, "the ladies near me are all dying to hear it."

"And some of the gentlemen too, I suspect," said a bright looking girl who sat next to the last speaker; "you must have met some strange adventures, Mr. Morton; won't you tell us some of them?"

"I have nothing particularly strange to tell," said Philip, "only the ordinary rough incidents that are inseparable from a border life. I am afraid you would not find them very interesting."

"Try us, and let us judge," said another of the ladies.

So Philip, submitting to his fate as gracefully as possible, told in substance, but in much fewer words, the principal part of what I have already told you; I only hope you have been half as much interested as they were.

At last the guests withdrew, and the family, reunited and prosperous, after their wanderings and vicissitudes, sat together in their pleasant parlor, where the wood fire blazed and crackled cheerfully in the wide throated fire-place, communing silently with their own thoughts; Philip looking backwards over his withered hopes, sad but not unhappy, Sexton and Carrie looking forward over budding hopes, springing and flowering far down into the future, along the path which they were now to travel hand in hand, strong in their deep and earnest love, none the less earnest and enduring, that its course had run smoothly along without break or ripple.

In a few days, Eli, having disposed of his peltries very profitably to himself, through Philip's assistance, shouldered old Mehitable, and turned his face towards the forest again.

A few words more, and I have done.

Calvin Lowell, cool, calculating, selfish trader, felt, I have no doubt, more satisfaction at the easy way in which he had got through the difficulty with Russell, than grief at the humiliation of Mrs. Lawrence and her daughter.

They lived on, poor, proud and scheming to the last. Flora made two or three desperate efforts to accomplish her destiny of getting a rich husband, but the destiny remained unaccomplished; and after her mother's death, and with it that of the slender annuity on which they had kept up a show of aristocratic respectability, she went to pay a visit to her brother, which lasted for twenty years.

Captain Lowell, after a brief visit to the Mortons, returned to his post in the Spanish navy, where, in 1797, he was killed in the battle of Cape St. Vincent, fighting his ship to the last.

Bright Lightning, after the usual period of mourning for her husband, became the wife of a white trader on the frontier.

Eli Flint and Frank Lightfoot took to the forest together, and found ample employment as scouts in the troublous times that for years followed Braddock's defeat, Frank becoming, under Eli's tuition, aided by his own peculiar adaptedness to the work, one of the best Indian fighters on the border, and revenging to the full his parents' and brother's death. He lived afterwards to fight in company with Philip Morton, in more than one battle, side by side with those very "Frenchers" whose deadly enemies he had once been.

Long years after the events I have related, Philip, still unmarried, for he always carried Mary's image in his heart and had no room there for any other, visited Harris's Station, then a thriving town, in company with Sexton and his eldest son, and found Adam Gordon a thriving farmer, with Sally Lightfoot as his wife, and a plentiful crop of white-headed urchins around him. The garrison had been withdrawn and the old block-house was fast going to decay. In the course of the visit he asked Adam if he had ever seen Captain Jack.

Adam said he had met him about a year before and taxed him at once with the murder of Diahausa, which the Indian killer solemnly denied, saying that Storm-Cloud was the only Indian in the country that he would not have killed. Adam was satisfied that he spoke the truth, and came to the conclusion that some private enemy of the chief must have committed the deed and taken this plan to divert suspicion.

There is no landmark left now of those old times but the stump of the tree to which John Harris, the founder of the settlement, was tied years before the commencement of my story.

A city has grown up along the shore of the beautiful river, and I sought in vain, during a recent visit, for the spot where the subterranean passage had opened to the water from the block-house.

But the islands are there still, and the river flows swiftly by them as of old, and the same old mountains heave up their bulk against the sky, while the axe of the woodman rings sharply among the trees upon their sides, and the unearthly neigh of the iron horse as he storms along with boiling blood through the mountain gorges, peals and echoes among them, but the red man has departed, and the light of his council fire has gone out forever.

THE END.

☞ A young lady, possessing more vanity than personal charms, remarked in a jesting tone, but with earnest glance, that "she travelled on her good looks." A rejected lover being present, remarked, that he "could now account for the young lady's never having been found far from home."

HOW WE FELL IN LOVE.

BY CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

I.

You say, though your pretty eyes glisten,
You can't understand me a bit—
Shall I tell all about it? Well, listen,
As easily near me you sit.
We met; 'twas at Waterloo station,
Together we waited the train—
You remember the fun, the vexation,
Our fears, and the torrents of rain.
You'd got on the neatest of dresses;
About you blue ribbons were blown;
'Neath your hat was a nest of gold tresses;
And I was your victim, my own.

II.

Then soon on the brink of the river,
My boat you pretended to fear.
As you jumped, what an exquisite shiver!
You laughed when I taught you to steer.
From my crew Charlie Dayrell departed;
He swore I was "awfully deep,"
For I chose the stroke-oar; as we started
I gave you my trinkets to keep.
Of his crew Charlie D. was conceited;
He chaffed, though his spirits had flown;
We raced—he was quickly defeated;
And I was your hero, my own!

III.

And then there was landing, and dinner
Laid out 'neath the leafiest trees;
And I sighed—'twas so like a beginner—
"What exquisite moments are these!"
And then there were strolls in the thicket;
And words I can never forget;
Scratch races; at amateur cricket
Your hair tumbled out of its net!
Then twilight and couples wide roaming:
Then wild flowers gathered and thrown,
Then moonlight and songs in the gloaming;
And whispers, such whispers! my own.

IV.

"You will not forget me?" "Forget you?"
Last words! then I saw you depart.
Once again, but months after, I met you;
Your image still burnt in my heart.
Again and again, merry meetings,
Museums and galleries through
We wandered; such parting and greetings!
And I was for ever with you.
'Twas thus in love's sunshiny weather
The seeds of affection were sown;
Hand in hand we once wandered together,
And now I can kiss you, my own!

Three Lovers at Once.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

PART SECOND.

The sober looking, "stupid Fenleys" were dressed in "a frantic manner," as Carrie Loder averred afterwards, and were beaming with complacency on their guests when they appeared that evening.

The Barettos had not yet arrived, and Mrs. Loder, whose son Frank evinced a strong filial tenderness and clung to his parent, leaving Tom to escort his sister and cousin, looked about her with nervous curiosity at every new announcement. Perplexed as to the singularity of her son's behavior, and not exactly at ease on the subject of this new family development, this elegantly dressed but unhappy lady sat beside her pretty daughter, whispering in her ear disjointed comments on the scene around her, and anxiously expecting these newly discovered connections. Rather later than they were expected, they at last arrived. A brilliantly dressed dark complexioned girl, not very young, not at all pretty, and a small, slender gentleman, with splendid eyes and a grave but courteous manner. Mrs. Fenley met them with quite a rapturous welcome, considering her usual phlegmatic style, and the sister responded with graceful ease, the brother with polite dignity.

"They are very agreeable looking, I'm sure," said Esther to Tom, who stood near her as they approached. "I think he is quite intelligent, too, and she would be very charming if she had not so many colors about her."

"Humph," was the only remark that Tom offered in reply, but he looked at the brother and sister narrowly, and appeared by no means satisfied with the result of his examination.

Mrs. Fenley brought them over to be introduced, and saying a few words about the family being so intimate with uncle Woodleigh that their acquaintance would be a matter of course, left them to get along together. It then appeared that Frank Loder had an object in view in his peculiar behavior, for detaching himself from his mother, he immediately presented himself, bowing low before Miss Barretto, and opened conversation by opining that she had been so charmed in London and Paris that their dull little Quaker city must seem rather a bore in comparison. Miss Isabel, with a sweet smile and a languid drooping of the brows, admitted that "it was not so grand," but then she confessed "she had been used to quiet places, having passed the greater part of her life in a convent."

"Oh, what a charming seclusion;" and Mr. Frank professed himself so deeply interested in all such retreats from the busy world, that the lady with whose early life his tone bespoke so great sympathy was fain to indulge in a retrospect of its joys and sorrows, under the care and tuition of the Sisters of St. Agatha.

Meantime her brother, finding himself seated between Miss Carrie Loder and her cousin Esther, divided his attention between the two, and gave them in pleasantly accented English a rambling account of his foreign tour.

Tom and his mother being left to their own devices, exchanged a word or two in an entirely different spirit and then separated, Tom to wander about the room, and his mother to talk sympathetically with Mrs. Fenley on the subject of entertaining society.

Mrs. Loder had said to Tom:

"I do believe that Frank has discovered uncle Woodleigh's plan; he meant to deceive him into believing Esther his heiress, when in reality every thing but the merest trifle will go to these people. Frank is entirely too wise to be so easily blinded, thank heaven!"

"He is a fool and a villain, too, if he acts as he feels," remarked his brother, and turned on his heel with flashing eyes and scarlet face.

To Esther the scene was a curious one, and not being in the least suspicious or intriguing, she never suspected any one else of the like feeling. So she watched Frank's enraptured face as he followed the pretty little nothings of the Cuban lady, and the vital interest he felt in the diluted episodes of her early life, and with difficulty restrained her laughter. She looked forward to his amusing account of it next day at the breakfast table, and although feeling conscious of a tiny twinge of misgiving as to the right and propriety of such a proceeding, she was apt to accept the actions of others at their own value, and to think that what was done with the appearance of correctness should never be questioned. Suddenly becoming aware of a new trait developing in her cousin Carrie's demeanor, she felt her attention quickly arrested and concentrated on that young lady. She had wrought her features up into quite an expression of alertness and interest, and with her eyes fixed on Mr. Barretto, was following the narrative of his exploits by land and sea with an intentness that was perfectly startling to one who knew her languid stupidity in the past.

It was so entirely out of her way to rouse herself into action or design, that her cousin could only gaze in blank amazement. In no wise incommoded by her palpable astonishment, Carrie proceeded to be charmed and ejaculate little sentences of admiration all through the recital.

"I think you would like to travel," said Mr. Barretto, smiling pleasantly, in return for the attention she had given him. "Would not you?" he asked Miss Grover.

"I don't know, really," said Esther, candidly. "You see, I never left home for an hour even, and I think one can only judge of their tastes after they are formed."

Mr. Barretto smiled again; he was evidently a gentleman who would be pleased with almost anything a pretty woman said, and it was equally evident that he regarded Miss Grover in that light.

Miss Loder seemed perfectly satisfied with the devotion he showed her, and accepting his arm, promenaded the rooms with the air of making a conquest. She surpassed herself in keeping up the vivacity she had assumed, and laughed and danced away the evening with ecstatic delight in her captive. Not entirely to the satisfaction of that gentleman himself, it would appear, from the glances with which he followed Miss Esther Grover, who, thrown entirely on her cousin Tom's politeness, waltzed with him and talked with him, and really passed so happy an evening that it came to a close all too soon for her own gay spirits.

Mrs. Loder was whispering in her ear as they made their way to the dressing-room.

"You must go with me to make a call on the Barrettos," she said. "Say something agreeable to them, please. I cannot trust Carrie, she's so unused to doing anything of the kind. Ask them to visit us familiarly. You know how to do it properly and without apparent effort."

"But I think Carrie is the right one to say that; and Frank, of course, will do it best of all. Tom has never gone near them since their introduction."

"Oh, he's so horridly contrary. No one can induce him to do anything for the sake of mere agreeability."

But to her mother's astonishment, Carrie, with unexpected dignity, stepped forward and volunteered to do the honors of the house, by offering its hospitalities to her new friends.

"Pray let us see you in Arch street. I shall be so glad to compare your experience with some choice engravings we have. Brother Frank has exquisite taste in pictures, and has really a gem or two of his own."

Miss Isabel pressed forward and joined her brother in expressing their readiness to accept the invitation.

"You play, do you not, Miss Barretto?" asked Frank, who seemed determined to hold his place at her side to the last.

"Yes," said she; "that is, a little, but I adore music."

"My cousin plays," said Frank, with a strong emphasis on the name of cousin. Miss Barretto turned towards her at this allusion and smiled pleasantly, as if to propitiate her confidence, but somehow Miss Grover was not drawn towards this new acquaintance, and merely acknowledged the smile by a ceremonious bow.

"I play a little, too," said Carrie, "and I have a nice collection of music. Will you come soon—I mean unceremoniously soon? Of course ma and I will call at once, and we'll send Peter for you with the carriage when you tell us that we may."

No wonder Esther stared. There was no such thing as a vehicle of any kind in the Loders' possession, but the bold thought of dashing out suddenly into the proprietorship of an equipage dawned on Carrie's mind, and the possibility of hiring a chaise that might pass for a family carriage, and thus impose on the credulity and admiration of the Cubans.

A few words more of complimenting and promising and they separated for the night. The Loders all rode home in the hack that had brought them, except Tom, who preferred walking in company with his cigar.

Mrs. Loder entered first, and Esther followed. Frank sprang in after his mother and took his place at her side, leaving Carrie to the politeness of the driver, who gave her his hand to a seat next Esther. There was but little said during the drive home, Mrs. Loder's attention being rivetted on her skirt with a view to prevent its being crushed by contact with the rest. Arrived at their own door, the ladies ran up stairs into the parlors and shook out their drapery before proceeding to their different rooms. Frank followed slowly.

"Don't you think Isabel has a charmingly cultivated manner, Frank?" asked his sister, with interest.

"Certainly," he replied, testily, "and the contrast isn't favorable to our homespun stupidity, I can assure you."

So he pushed up his hair, and coughed down something that seemed difficult to swallow as he left the room, and went humming with an appearance of extreme ease of manner up stairs to bed.

"I don't quite understand," said Esther, slowly. "It seems to me that we are none of us in a good humor with ourselves or each other, so that I must say the evening has not been entirely agreeable to me."

Carrie tossed her head slightly.

"Perhaps you were not the belle, Essie," she said, with a silly laugh.

Esther looked at her steadily as if her meaning were a riddle. Then she glanced over at her aunt, who, trying to appear unconscious, was busily unpinning the bouquet from the corsage of her dress.

"You are too obscure for me to understand, and I don't believe I'll try," she said at length—and with a half sigh she took up her fan and wrappings and went slowly up stairs.

The next day to her unbounded astonishment Frank announced at breakfast that he was engaged to drive out Tom Fenley, and so might be late for dinner. Now Tom Fenley was the only son of the Fenley family, and a youth so totally uninteresting in every respect, except the one of communicativeness, that the idea of offering him a civil attention could never have entered Frank's mind without a strong object to account for its presence there. He was one of those troublesome male creatures that appeared neither useful nor ornamental in the home-circle and out of it, beyond being the medium of news and scandal, received no regard nor respect whatever. If any one who wanted to become informed on any subject too contemptible in its nature to allow them to stoop to inquire personally, would take the trouble to harbor him for an hour or two, and give him the hint of its nature, they would receive in return a discharge of confidence so copious as to be absolutely overwhelming in its wordy minuteness. It was on such sloppy nothings his mind fed, a mean, drivelling order of mind it was, incapable of evil only from its purposeless weakness. Full of mean, small ways and petty mischiefs, he rather delighted in setting friends by the ears, and when full of small reports enjoyed the power of giving annoyance with provoking relish. Esther raised her eyebrows inquiringly—

"Can you tolerate that fellow?" she said. "I thought you despised him too heartily even to be amused by his faults."

"You are very good to settle these things for me, I'm sure, but I am not aware of ever expressing any view on the subject at all." His tone was cold, and his manner so uninviting of confidence that Esther said no more, but drank her tea rapidly and tried to swallow her astonishment with it.

Frank began to talk with sudden animation of all manner of subjects, and still chatting, rose from the table and hurried away.

"Mother, let us start early and be at the hotel before lunch, please."

Carrie displayed such alertness that her mother commented on it with pleasure.

"Why, Carrie, you are positively surprising. I never knew you so brisk, really."

"It is something to be brisk about," remarked Carrie in explanation. "We are obliged to do so many polite things for stupid people who give us no pleasure, that I'm glad to show some attention to really interesting friends."

Tom had been as usual absorbed in his newspaper, he now looked up.

"Esther," he said, "I will send an upholsterer here to-day for your orders, let him do up the chairs and things so as to make us look more comfortable looking."

"Yes, Tom," said Esther, watching her aunt's face.

"And about the carpet," he continued, "get a handsome one, and don't mind a few dollars in the price."

"Tom," murmured his mother, imploringly.

"And if there is anything else wanting please attend to it, and send the bills to the store. I want you to make the house decent."

His mother gained courage to speak.

"I declare, Tom," she said, "you are acting as contrarily as you can. We want everything in the way of money you have to spare just now for the party we propose to give, and the dinners, and all that. As for the fittings up here, we can do with them very well. The general effect is excellent, and these Barrettos will not be likely to examine our establishment closely. As your mother I claim the right to know what expenditure is for the best."

"My dear mother, you are only too economical, you close your eyes to the needs of the household, and only think of what you can spare me." There was a good deal of bitterness in his tone, and he threw down the paper at which he had been staring without taking in any of its daily announcements, and putting his hat on determinedly, hurried down town to the store.

The day passed strangely to Esther, it was full of business, for the man her cousin Tom had spoken of, arrived with samples of brocatelle, and begged to know the amount of work to be done. Not quite certain what course to pursue, the poor girl tried to find her aunt, and discovering that she and her cousin were still out, did the best she could in following out the intentions of her cousin, and putting the whole drawing-room furniture in a state of repair. The first comer was soon reinforced by three or four others, and altogether they took possession of the entire first floor, leaving the little parlor opening out of the dining-room on the ground floor as the only spot free to family access. About a half-hour before dinner time Mrs. Loder and Carrie returned, very much out of breath with walking, but in high spirits as to the result of their expedition. They went into the lower parlor to rest before proceeding up stairs, and hearing the hammering and dragging overhead, turned a blank stare of astonishment on Esther as requesting an explanation. The poor girl changed color as if discovered in wrong-doing; she was deeply interested in the up stairs improvements, and had been fully occupied in deciding on their nature and extent without once thinking of how they would be likely to regard them. She now hastened to say that Tom had sent the men, and she had been showing them what to do.

"I'm nearly wild," cried Mrs. Loder in great excitement; "here are Carrie and I just come from the Barrettos, whom we have induced to promise us a week of their time here, and we expect them this very evening. It's perfectly unbearable, and you are the most provoking girl in existence, Esther Grover."

Startled at this sudden accusation her face flushed scarlet, and she looked without speaking at her aunt, who continued with increasing irrascibility.

"It's not to be borne, I shall have them stop this instant—the dreadful wretches, they'll drive me wild."

"Stop them, ma," cried Carrie, seizing the practical idea with all the strength of her newly acquired energies. "Just order them to stop and have some one put all the things back in place. It's perfectly tormenting, so it is."

But although acting on this entreaty, her mother rushed up stairs to have it carried into execution, despair settled in her heart when she saw the utter impossibility of staying the storm of improvement. Everything moveable was moved, and so entirely disposessed of the former covering to receive the new, that nothing was left her to do but to go into a passion, in which she was energetically accompanied by her daughter.

"I am sorry," said Esther, speaking with a great effort at self-control, "I am truly sorry. You were not here, and Tom sent the men. I didn't know that the refittings would disarrange your plans."

"You didn't know," drawled Carrie, insultingly, "you knew well enough that it wouldn't annoy you, that's plain."

"I'm too provoked to trust myself to speak," cried her mother; and having announced that, she became more and more personal and abusive in her remarks, until Esther, her color entirely departing, stood pale and excited before her with an expression that arrested her midway in her harrangue.

"I will not listen to one other word," she said, "and when Frank comes home I shall tell him precisely what you have said."

"Oh, dear," said Carrie, laughing derisively, but her mother had the wisdom to see that they had gone far enough, so she plucked her by the mantle, and began to go up stairs.

After that Mrs. Loder stayed in her own chamber till her elder son's return, who being told by the girl who opened the door for him that his mother desired to see him, instantly repaired to her apartment. There the conference lasted so long that dinner was cold before they descended to the dining-room. Tom was later still, and Esther sat alone for quite a time, waiting. At last they all came down, and it was very evident that another course of action had been decided on. All their faces were smiling and cheerful; no one alluded to the storm of an hour before, and Frank and his mother conducted a conversation so full of animation and so free from clouds of dissension, that Esther was alone in her quiet and reserve. Tom inquired how far the work above stairs had progressed, and his mother answered the question that had evidently been addressed to her niece.

"Oh, everything is going on admirably," she said. "I was a little out of temper when I came home and found the place at sixes and sevens. Particularly as we expect the Barrettos to drink tea with us to-night; but we have arranged to dress up the lower parlor as well as we can, and hurry the workmen along to complete everything as soon as possible."

"Do you think those people will be as comfortable, or allow you to be as comfortable as if they remained in a hotel?" Tom asked this with a decided tendency to believe the contrary.

Carrie being charged by her mother to remain quiet, made a futile effort to express her views, and began with,

"It is not a question of comfort at all," she said—but feeling that her mother's glance warned her, she stopped.

"You are right, Carrie," said her brother, solemnly, "and I am sure that you will one and all regret the folly you are now about to commit."

Frank fidgetted in his chair, and tried to turn the conversation.

"Tom Fenley can be very amusing, truly, and I have had a delightful drive;" he laughed heartily. "Dear me, what pleasant stories the fellow can tell. I've laughed myself tired."

"There is generally a nice little moral to his tales," said Tom, contemptuously, "improving and elevating to the taste."

"Now, Tom," said Mrs. Loder, amiably, "Tom Fenley is not so bad; I rather enjoy him myself; and I mean to have him here occasionally for relationship's sake."

Tom Loder could endure no more, he rose and left his half-finished dinner, and without making any excuse for his absence, hurried out of the room.

Esther fell in with the family manner, and only by her quiet manner showed the least remembrance of the morning's trouble. To Frank she made no appeal, but she watched his movements with interest, and finding that he was determined to hold no conversation privately with her for the present, began to regard him with renewed curiosity.

Tea time came, with many preparations in which neither mother nor daughter wearied, and having made the best of the lower parlor, and dressed themselves becomingly, they waited their expected guests with impatience. Esther had retired to her own room to arrange her hair after cheerfully assisting her relatives; and the brother and sister had been some time in the society of their friends when she went down the stairs, looking positively lovely without half the effort at elegance that characterized the toilette of her cousin. Mr. Barretto had been leaning over a little cottage piano on which Carrie was playing when she entered. He instantly deserted his post, and with a bright smile and gracious bow, greeted the new comer.

"Oh, I am so happy in having an opportunity of hearing the melody that I feel convinced you understand so well; will you not play for us?"

"Certainly," said Esther, readily; and Carrie rising in pettish haste, she took her place and allowed the attentive gentleman to select airs, which she played with taste and expression, quite meriting the rapturous applause with which he greeted their execution. Frank soon appeared and instantly devoted himself to Miss Isabel, and the evening passed pleasantly with a division of attention on the part of Mr. Barretto between Carrie and Esther, that occupied the latter's attention and soothed the rising jealousy of her cousin. The state of the drawing-room was explained, and the projected party discussed, and although the Barrettos positively declined taking up their residence in Arch street, they avowed their pleasure in constantly visiting their new friends, and making plans for drives and walks ad-libitum. Tom was not at home to tea, and as no mention was made of his absence, the evening was passing charmingly without him. When he appeared and greeted them a little stiffly, he came near Esther's chair, and taking his place beside her, he said a few words about the opera, where he had been to hear a favorite singer. His presence was an evident relief to his sister, who by that means claimed the guest's undivided attention. Her brother Frank was entirely devoted to the lady at his side; and Esther, who had at first experienced a slight sense of relief in being forced from his surveillance, began to have an indefinite consciousness of annoyance. Tom talked of the tones of the singer, and she listened with her mind wandering—

"What does he mean," she thought; "he looks false, and there's some designing thought in his mind; what is it? I almost hate him."

So Tom found her face flushing and paling as he talked to her; and when she answered him at random, he sighed and relapsed into silence with a serious air of troubled thought.

Day after day went by with the same programme. The Loders had entirely out-done the Fenleys in civility to the Cubans, and it was in Arch street the brother and sister passed the greater portion of their time. Frank had never behaved so oddly before; but he gave no explanation of his conduct to Esther beyond the strictest avoidance, and the most unsatisfactory conversation when they came in contact. Mr. Barretto talked and laughed with Carrie, and watched and listened to Esther, and Tom and his mother were lookers on with very different views on the scene under their observation. One thing rather bothered Mrs. Loder, and about it she consulted her elder son.

"Frank," she said, "will you tell me why you think they do not speak of your uncle Woodleigh? They seem to avoid the subject, and I really cannot account for the strange reticence."

"Oh, pray, mother, don't allow your fussy ways to get us into trouble. Tom Fenley told me that they are peculiarly situated in regard to him. That he holds their property as guardian, and rather disagrees with them on the grounds of their inheriting all their mother's property without regard to his interest."

"But, my dear Frank, they don't seem to know anything about him, except his name."

"Now, mother, I must beg that you will restrain your absurd qualms of doubt; they have fallen in our way, and we must not be foolish enough to lose an opportunity—"

"But Esther," suggested his mother, still doubtful.

Her hopeful son paused, and a feeling of compunction held him silent for a moment, the nearest approach to conscience with which he was ever visited, and changed his color a shade, giving his eyes a meanly convicted look.

"Esther," he said, clearing his voice; "Esther is a girl who has a will of her own, and she has evidently made up her mind to refuse me. I am glad of it. We never could agree; and she is provided for by uncle Woodleigh."

"I think it more than probable that your uncle Woodleigh will walk in some day and surprise you as he did before. I hope you will not be taken at a disadvantage."

"I shall speak to-night," said Frank, decidedly, and his color changed again with the force of his determination.

That evening was the occasion for which the preparations of the last week had been made. The drawing-room was all perfect, and so improved by its renovation, that the whole family were disposed to do Tom's plan justice for the first time. Invitations had been issued for a select party, not "a crush" like aunt Fenley's, and everything that could contribute to the pleasure of the evening was devised.

Esther had borne the changed conduct of her lover quietly, but not unobservantly. She only paused before its intricacy; he neither rejected nor received her, but simply avoided, and apparently almost feared her. There was so much bustle and hurry that this could be partially accounted for, but Esther made an effort to fathom its secret meaning. She looked confused and astonished—not exactly unhappy, but by no means cheerful.

It takes a strong combination of circumstances to work on a lady's mind sufficiently to make her forget her toilette, and notwithstanding the unrest of Esther's, she dressed herself in exquisite taste on the occasion of the great party, and appeared in the beautified drawing-room looking so entirely lovely that Carrie became annoyed with herself and her own attire instantly. Tom had regarded the whole idea with strong disfavor from the first, and it was scarcely expected that he would form one of the assembly; but after the company had gathered and the music and merry making were at their height, he slipped quietly into place near his cousin Esther, and sat watching his brother and the young lady from Cuba.

There was something else that soon drew away his attention and made his face flush painfully with the consciousness of one of his own flesh and blood appearing to a disadvantage. This was the evident art and determination of his sister Caroline, a young lady he had hitherto considered guiltless of the ability to design or execute a plan of any kind. Mr. Barretto was the unmistakable object of her fascinations, and it was to win him entirely to herself she strove by word and look. But that gentleman's eyes wandered and apparently his thoughts followed them, for it seemed a difficult task to keep pace with the string of little speeches she poured into his distracted ear. Occasionally he would become conscious of his own want of gallantry, and rallying, would smile and bow and present an attentive face, but this undivided mood would last but for a moment, and then his thoughts would play him false and wander once more.

His sister was more fortunate. She had enchained Mr. Frank to her side, and appeared perfectly satisfied with her conquest. Her face glowed radiant with triumphant smiles, and her laugh rang softly like a silver bell. Tom looked from one party to the other with a curious expression of face; at times a sense of humor glowed and brightened above every other feeling—then an annoyed look of mortification and honest shame spread a quick flush over his cheek, and he fidgetted nervously in his seat. At length he rose, and going near his brother Frank, stopped close beside the divan on which Miss Isabel and he were resting after a waltz.

"Uncle Woodleigh will be here to-morrow," he said, without a word of preparation or introduction. "This time he heralds his approach, and in a note to me announces his determination to be with us at that time."

Frank turned quickly at the news and changed color slightly, while Tom Fenley, who had ears for every scrap of gossip that floated around him, hurried over, saying—

"What's that? Uncle Woodleigh, did you say? Dear me, how unfortunate for you?"

"Why unfortunate?" said Frank, hastily, and with a flushed face. "I am my own master and acknowledge no control. Pray, Miss Barretto, let me insist on this Mazourka, it is such a treat to dance it with one who understands it as you do." So he whirled her away, and Tom Fenley laughed in Tom Loder's face.

"It's settled," he said; "the old gentleman will find himself overreached entirely."

"Perhaps you may mean well in this business, Fenley, but I doubt it," said Tom, stoutly; "and if my brother trusts you, he'll find himself in a pretty mess—so I shall tell him."

But Tom had told him so already, without the least effect, and he now contented himself with saying no more on the subject, but awaiting the result.

It came in a curious way, directly under his own notice. The new curtains were rich and full, and hung from floor to ceiling around the bay window in the further end of the room; under their shelter Tom retired, feeling provokingly out of his element, and baffled in an opportunity to whisper counsel to his busy mother. While he sat there, Esther came and dropped into a chair just before him, but entirely unconscious of his neighborhood. In a

moment Frank came and stood beside her, a picture of trepidation and excitement; he had just resigned the lady of his devotion to Tom Fenley for a quadrille, and now presented himself, breathing hard and changing complexion with every word.

"Esther," he said, excitedly, "I have seen for weeks past that you dislike and avoid me, that you are determined to look on our silly little compact as nonsense, and I am willing at any sacrifice to free you rather than make you unhappy. Mr. Barretto has spoken to me as your eldest cousin—he adores you, and is coming now to plead his own cause." With that he suddenly presented the blushing Cuban, who having made his escape from the toils of the intrepid Caroline, eagerly regarded the astonished young lady and bowed low before her.

"I do not understand you," she said, and rose up with dignity. "Mr. Barretto, I beg you will not speak. Frank, you must be plain. I cannot follow your meaning otherwise."

"I have nothing to say," murmured the faithless fellow, in dire confusion. "I thought—that is, I saw that my presence was not agreeable to you, and I have tried to—that is, I—please to overlook further allusion to the subject—we are cousins and friends, and that is enough—I am contented to see you happy. Let us be friends." He held out his hand—but she only continued her quiet gaze, before which he retired, speechlessly overcome—and the fascinated stranger took his place. Every expression of admiration at his command and vow of devotion to be reduced to language he laid at her feet, and declaring that she completely occupied and reigned over his heart, laid that organ and his hand at her feet and waited to hear her acceptance. Poor girl, the complication of events that had lately surrounded her, the perfect absence of faith and the false-heartedness of the man she had trusted, and the oddness of the ludicrous transfer of her tenderness that he had hoped to effect, all flashed on her mind suddenly, and she laughed outright and then burst into tears.

"Oh, don't say another word—pray, pray don't," she begged pitifully. "It's too silly, and I never thought of such a dreadfully absurd thing. I never could like you. I don't mean that—you must forgive me and leave me, for I really am not able to speak sensibly just now."

But the new lover, not heeding her entreaty, only urged his own suit in more fervent whispers.

"I know Mr. Loder admired you at first, he has told me so, but he resigns all claim, and I will wait any length of time for your answer. Here is Miss Caroline, who will help me to pray for your favor."

Miss Caroline having just discovered her recreant gallant, had hurried to his side, and all to hear her intercession requested in his behalf with her cousin. Slow to understand in any case, she seemed completely dazed in this, and looked from one to the other with an expression of dawning dismay and distraction that was laughable to behold.

"You mean to—to marry Esther!" she gasped. "You really mean it!" and unable to conceal her confusion and despair, she fled from the room in haste without regard to the comments of observers. This brought Esther to a sense of the necessity for self-control. She was quiet instantly, and dismissing Mr. Barretto and his suit with sudden unceremoniousness, she mingled with the guests and sustained the part of gracious hostess till the last one departed.

Then standing alone, she gave way to her own excitement and distress in a strong, nervous burst of feeling. Mrs. Loder had run up to Caroline's room, hearing of threatened hysterics, and Frank had somehow slipped out of sight with the last departure, but Tom was close beside her, and to him she turned with a sudden and uncontrollable impulse.

"Oh, Tom, dear Tom," she cried, falling on his shoulder, "you are a good, true soul, and I thank heaven I have you to turn to in this miserable, deceitful world."

No one who knew his daily life of quiet, self-sacrificing struggle with business cares, his few pleasures and entire absence of self-indulgence would accuse Tom Loder of idle sentiment. It was a strange sight therefore to see him turn deadly pale and tremble as he held the excited girl a moment in his arms.

"Esther," he stammered and shook so that he could scarcely utter the words, "Esther, will you trust me—will you rely on me? God knows I love and honor you with my whole soul, and the devotion of my life is at your service."

She looked up quickly, and catching sight of the face that expressed even more than the words uttered, withdrew from his side and sank into a chair near by.

"I do not ask you to say a word, Esther," he went on with greater self-command; "I am sorry I spoke my mind, for I never meant you to know it—but one thing I must tell you; and I earnestly trust you will believe it. Whatever makes you happiest or gives you greatest joy or peace, I will labor to accomplish with all my power, even if it should deprive me of the greatest treasure of my life, the sight of your face—"

"Good heaven," said Esther, sighing deeply; "you mean that you love me. Was ever a girl so wretched, under so much devotion!"

But that was her excited conclusion. Stung to the soul by the perfidy of the one she had been striving to teach herself to love; astonished by the professed regard of the gentleman she had laughed over as Carrie's victim; she was too much overcome by her position to think coolly, and so she remained in her own room next morning without answering the summons to breakfast, trying to understand herself clearly and unravel the last thread of deceit and artifice that surrounded her.

Peter's voice at the door interrupted her in the task. He announced an arrival—uncle Woodleigh was in the parlor desiring to speak with her.

She sprang up, and without even a preparatory glance in her toilet-mirror, rushed impulsively down and threw herself into his arms—

"Oh, I'm so glad, so truly glad to see you, uncle Woodleigh," she cried, sobbing convulsively; "I think the world has turned the wrong way since I saw you last. I feel as if it had whirled me with it; and I'm thankful to catch hold of an honest, reliable friend to steady myself by."

"What's all this," said the old man, laughing. "I hear from Tom Fenley that you've sent Frank adrift, and are going to marry that young fellow Barretto; while poor Frank is forced to console himself with the sister."

He looked from one to the other as he spoke. They were all there—over a late breakfast; and Mrs. Loder alone seemed disposed to avoid discussion.

"Esther has behaved shamefully," cried Carrie, spitefully.

"Esther has suited her own taste," said her brother Frank, with suavity.

"Esther was meant to be a victim," said Tom, angrily; "and my brother did her the greatest possible service where he meant to wrong her."

"Uncle," said Frank, quietly, "I can afford to overlook Tom's jealousy. I'm the accepted lover of your step daughter, Isabel Barretto, and I have her unconditional consent to an early marriage."

"My step-daughter," said the old man, with a puzzled air; "I never more than saw the girl—her brother has been my clerk for years, and executed a little business I sent him to attend to in Europe so well, that I shall be glad to remember his sister—particularly since you propose making her your wife."

"What," he cried in shrill astonishment, "your clerk's sister—not your wife's daughter!"

"Oh, I see now; it's the joke Tom Fenley told me he was playing—a clever scamp—to be sure, a clever scamp."

"Frank," cried Mrs. Loder, clutching the hand of her fearfully discomfitted son, "Frank, don't be an idiot; it was all a joke. Esther says it was all a joke. You know these love-quarrels amount to nothing; and we all feel that you have Esther's heart."

"No—he never had it," said Esther, quietly. "I have found that out since last night. A little mortification has saved me from infinite misery, and opened my eyes to the true state of my heart. The whole story has been told wrong; and I have felt that every day's life was adding a false sentence to it. Let me make it right, in one word. Tom, I honor and respect you with all my heart; and what you said last night has made me truly happy, despite my trouble and confusion of mind."

"What—do you mean to say that Tom, the downright and upright, has had time in all the worry and struggle of keeping a large family together, to give way to sentiment. Esther, my dear, I congratulate you heartily. God bless you both, and make you worthy of each other."

So said old uncle Woodleigh. And to the unbounded astonishment of all present, joined their hands.

Poor Frank Loder and his mother and sister shared none of the happiness that began to shed itself over the others. But old Mr. Woodleigh, being determined to look on Miss Barretto as the love-match of his nephew, offered to portion her comfortably and do all he could to make the future of the devoted couple happy.

Carrie had sufficient penetration to feel that she was better off than her thwarted brother, and that knowledge made her bear her disappointment more stoically.

As for Tom Fenley, he coolly acknowledged that he took his revenge for the appropriation of his uncle Woodleigh by the Loder's, in finding the Barrettos at a hotel, and claiming connection with them by his mother's aid.

Frank was married, inasmuch as young Barretto had sufficient spirit to see his sister righted, if such a doom can be right; and uncle Woodleigh set the pair up in housekeeping, and took no further notice of them afterwards. But Tom and Esther were his peculiar care; and when they were married, a year later, the delight of the old gentleman was charming to behold.

"For," as he said, "Tom is reliable and independent spirited, so I never dare offer him anything more than a keepsake. But I'll wait for another generation, and find an heir or heiress and a god-child all in one."

A Murderer Tamed.

Cooper, who was under sentence of death for murder in Cincinnati, as the time for his execution drew near, became so raving and unmanageable that the sheriff decided to put him in irons. The culprit swore this should never be done, and he went into his cell, broke up his bunk, barricaded his door with it, and declared no man should enter it alive. He was perfectly wild with excitement. His eyes glistened through the barred door like those of an infuriated tiger. He raved and tore around his cell like a madman, cursing and swearing in the most blasphemous manner. After exhausting other expedients, two large syringes which would each hold about a pound of chloroform were procured and discharged into his cell, and fortunately struck him full in the face. A second discharge was made, and in four minutes from the time of the first injection of the chloroform the raging man was quiet and sank down on the floor perfectly helpless. The sheriff and his assistants took him out into the corridor of the jail, where the manacles were placed on his legs and arms. In about fifteen minutes he revived, but the deed was done, and he was unable to do further harm. As soon as he became able to speak and move, he raised his manacled hands and said, with a wicked oath: "Gentlemen, you have showed a good deal of wit, but you are a set of cowards."

When lovely woman, Lump of Folly,
Would show the world her vainest trait;
Would treat hereself as child her dolly,
And warn each man of sense away,
The surest method she'll discover
To prompt a wink from every eye,
Degrade a spouse, disgust a lover,
And spoil a scalp-skin is—to dye.

☞ A Youthful Soldier.—Charles A. Cook, of Milton, Mass., entered the army before he was twelve years old, passing muster on account of his size, served one year and was wounded four times, and is now fourteen years old and draws an annual pension of ninety-six dollars.

☞ A greater part of the town of Winona, Wis., being under water, "brick" Pomeroy, of the La Crosse Democrat, says there are still inducements for enterprising gentlemen to settle there. Among others, are that "they can fish out of their garret windows, swim in their parlors, build skiffs on their roofs, practice rowing over their door-yards—and keep ducks."

☞ During a trial, the other day, a constable testifying with regard to a lady, said, "I know nothing of her but what I hear the neighbors say; and, in my opinion, what women say of one another is not worthy of belief."

☞ The Governor of Idaho reports a massacre of sixteen friendly Indians, all women or children but two, and referring to similar acts, significantly says: "In no case that I have examined have I found the red man the aggressor; but invariably the trouble springs from some fiendish outrage of bad white men."

☞ The exact sum donated to the city of London by Mr. Peabody was £450,000—equal to $2,250,000.

THE MAY QUEEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY JOHN COLLINS.

Bring flowers to crown me queen to-day,
Bring flowers from wood and vale,
That proudly flaunt their colors gay,
Or scent the passing gale.

Bring flowers from many a sparkling rill
That murmuring runs unseen;
Sweet flowers from garden, grove and hill,
From field or meadow green.

Then twine the fairest wreath for me,
E'er wrought by Fancy's art
Or truest love, for I must be
The Queen of every heart.

(Two girls bearing the crown come forward and place it on the head of the May Queen, saying,)

Hail! Queen of May! we bring thee now
The floral crown our hands have made—
Accept, when placed upon thy brow,
The tribute to thy graces paid.

(A group of girls around her, say:)

We wish thee joy of thy domain,
O'er subjects bound by love alone;
Behold us here, a willing train
Thy kind and gentle sway to own.

May no rude storms o'ercast thy sky,
No sorrow soar thy peaceful breast,
Nor pain be thine nor troubled sigh,
Till safe in thy eternal rest.

May thy true love—thy winning smile,
Still cheer our hearts from day to day
And thou, so innocent of guile,
Long be to us, the "Queen of May."

QUEEN.

Thanks for your garland, gentle girls,
Thanks! dear ones, for your pledge of love;
More than a coronet of pearls,
I prize its emblemed flowers above.

(Taking off the crown.)

Love, Truth and Duty here are twined,
Blending in one their fragrant breath,
And ivy leaves the blossoms bind,
Symbol of constancy till death.

The circlet minds me of the years
Of heaven, that sweep in endless round,
Its star-like blossoms, of the spheres
By millions far in ether found.

(She replaces it on her head.)

Again it rests upon my brow—
A token, not of power, but love,
And while you thus allegiance vow,
Our band of Friendship let it prove.

I thank you for the wish—the prayer,
That naught may mar my years to be;
But, dear ones, who can tell the care
Or grief reserved for you and me.

Yet come what may—bright hopes like ours,
Beaming from every youthful eye,
Sure, will not, like these beauteous flowers,
So quickly wither, droop and die.

Still, hand in hand, and heart to heart,
The checkered path of life we'll tread;
Each to her own allotted part
Faithful, by sense of duty led.

(All the girls joining hands, say:)

Fair as the arching sky above us bending,
Pure as its wide expanse of glorious blue,
Be all our thoughts and words and actions blending
The bright and pleasing with the good and true.

Let not the freshness of our youth, fast flying,
Tell of no useful, worthy action done;
Nor Memory mark, with unavailing sighing,
How fast the wasted months and years have run.

And should our joy with sorrow e'er be shaded,
As gathering clouds disturb the air serene,
Let us look up, where happiness unfaded
Is found in bowers of Eden ever green.

Now in the beauty of our life's young morning,
We ask our Heavenly Father, day by day,
For meek and quiet spirits, *His* adorning,
Far fairer than the buds and blooms of May.

May 9th, 1866.

Men and Women.

A lady who writes from Washington to the *Independent*, says:—

It is quite astonishing to perceive what a very different mortal a man is, conversing with a woman, from what he is when holding forth to his brother man. At a small select party, the other evening, a learned Senator made me wonder how old the world would be when great men should speak to women as if they were sensible beings! This gentleman had been conversing with a brother Senator on subjects of public moment, which interest us all, touching as nearly the women who love their country as the men. Anybody with a tolerable knowledge of the English language could have understood that conversation. At least the wife of the Senator stood listening with keen interest. But when the gentleman turned to address *her*, he altered his voice, he changed his manner, as with one vast effort he dropped to the level of small talk. And, oh! what do you think was the first thing he told her? A fib, of course. He told her she "looked charming," the poor thing, standing there, faded and jaded, in the pitiless gas light. Then he asked her how many receptions she had attended during the season. Then he remarked on the weather. Then he hadn't anything more to say. Then he looked awfully bored. Then he wondered when supper would be ready. The lady felt instinctively that this learned man supposed, as a matter of course, that she had neither knowledge nor interest in any subject which could possibly interest him. Timid and sensitive, she did not dare to destroy that supposition by broaching a subject, or expressing an opinion, lest this very masculine man should suddenly change his mind, and think her strong-minded and unfeminine. This lady had read much, and thought more, and felt most keenly on every subject of public and private weal. And this wise man, in showing what he supposed to be his superiority, showed only how very stupid even a wise man may be. Thus, I am afraid that the world will be very old before men will realize that they can talk aught but the smallest of talk to women whom they meet in society. But, *Monssigneurs*, pray don't make too great an effort to descend to the level of our comprehension. A woman need not be formidably strong-minded, nor frightfully literary, nor painfully scientific, to have common sense, and to be able to talk sensibly on all general subjects. Women read newspapers with as much avidity as men; and who can read newspapers, and remain ignorant of the great questions of the day? With all our schools, the press is an ever-present educator. Thus, my dear sir, very often, when you are making yourself ridiculous for the especial benefit of a lady, *she* is silently gauging your comprehension, and touching bottom all the while.

It is lamentable that our fashionable *soirees* and receptions, in their social and mental tone, are thin, flimsy, and frivolous. Bad dressing, bad air, and bad hours make them almost damnable. Wherefore is it that, with all the gifted and cultured men and women who gather here every year, we do not renew, in our republican capital, with purer morality and finer enthusiasm, the *bureaux d'esprit* of the eighteenth century? Those polished and elegant assemblies which did so much in the highest sense to make Paris the capital of the world, how they would soften away the crudeness and coarseness of Washington! I am not talking of set literary and art gatherings, where people talk nothing but books and "high art," in phrases which neither themselves nor anybody else can understand; but of those assemblages of the gifted and the good, where, in genial intercourse and free exchange of opinion, the intellect is aroused, thought quickened, talent encouraged, and genius won from its solitudes; where politics, philosophy, and poetry, religion and beauty, may meet and commingle.

☞ Pearl, gray, and azure blue are the fashionable colors for Paris ladies' stockings, and boots of black satin with gilt heels. In Philadelphia some ladies are wearing flesh-colored drawers—if they may be thus called—as they fit tight as possible to the limbs. With the new style of large hoops, and short skirts, ladies have to be very particular as to their shoes, stockings, &c.

☞ A scholar recently being asked by his teacher the meaning of the word "*millionaire*," he rendered it *mill-owner*. He probably saw that our mill-owners were becoming worth their millions.

☞ A young couple had been married by a Quaker, and after the ceremony, he remarked to the husband: "Friend, thou art now at the end of thy troubles." A few weeks after, the young man came to the good man, boiling over with rage, (his wife was a regular vixen.) "I thought you told me that I was at the end of my troubles." "So I did, friend, but I did not say which end."

☞ On Petite Anse Island, in the southern part of Louisiana, there is a bed of rock salt covering over one hundred acres, which during the late war, supplied nearly the whole of the trans-Mississippi district. Twenty-one million pounds were taken from it in three months. Immediate steps are now taking to develope the mine.

☞ Remedy for the Trichina.—The Agricultural Commissioner has "no doubt of the efficacy of copperas mixed with the salt given to hogs as a destroyer of the Trichina." This belief is based on his success with this treatment in destroying ordinary intestinal worms.

☞ Unconditional Surrender.—Nearly two hundred of the clergy of the Church of England have united in a letter to Cardinal Patrizi, at Rome, stating their earnest desire for the restoration of communion between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. But the cardinal, in his reply, plainly tells them that *unconditional surrender* is the only terms which the Pope can think of.

☞ In Blackwood's Magazine is an article on "Demonology at Home and Abroad," in which the writer states that as late as August, 1863, a man 80 years of age was flung into a mill-stream in the parish of Sible Hedingham, and "swum for a wizard," and died of his maltreatment, in Christian England.

☞ It is said that in New South Wales an old maid is a much rarer animal than a black swan. It is asserted that the fair emigrants from England receive offers of marriage through speaking trumpets before they land from the ships; and if she accepts the proposal, she signifies by holding up the finger on which she expects the wedding ring to be placed.

☞ Who Shall Decide?—Dr. Hall, in an elaborate article in his Journal of Health, on cholera and its treatment, takes the ground that calomel is the only proper remedy, and that to employ any other is to trifle with human life. Dr. Scott, in a long article on the same subject, published in the University Journal of Health, says:—"It cannot be denied that great fatality attends the treatment of cholera by calomel." Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

☞ On Saturday week, at Nunda, Lexington county, New York, a little boy between five and six years old was convicted of assaulting a full-grown man, and sent to jail for thirty days.

☞ A new star of about the third magnitude has suddenly appeared in the constellation of the Northern Crown, being first observed at the Cambridge Observatory on Monday evening. Professor Gould says that the only known instance fairly comparable with this is the new star of 1670, which appeared suddenly as a star of the third magnitude, disappeared, shone out once more, and after two years became invisible, and has remained so since.

☞ Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of a house and home.

☞ There is on exhibition at Baltimore a model, some twelve feet in diameter, of a revolving vessel, the invention of Mr. George T. Snyder, of Lancaster, Pa. The great novelty embraced in the construction of this vessel consists in a very simple application of the motive power, by which this vessel is made to roll over the water instead of running through it, and so completely arranged that passengers and freight remain stationary, while the hull of the vessel is rapidly revolving.

☞ There is a man in Cincinnati taxed on an income of $30,000, who, eleven years ago, exhibited a monkey in the streets for a living. Now, don't all of you commence the monkey business!

☞ A young man in Newport, Vt., wanted a wife badly, and took a young lady out to ride. After proceeding a few miles, he asked her, "Will you marry me?" The answer was as short as it was sweet: "No, sir!" Young gent says: "Well, get out, and go home afoot, then." The young lady accepted his advice, and reached home in safety. Nice young man that!

☞ There are fifteen active oil companies in California, with a capital of $50,000,000.

"The Truth of History."

Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in an interesting article on "The Fallacies of Memory," which we find in the last number of "The Galaxy," gives the following illustration of the doubtful authenticity of those striking and characteristic sayings often attributed to great men:

"No anecdote is perhaps more widely circulated in England than that Nelson originated the exhortation which has become a sort of national *sursum corda*—'England expects every man to do his duty.' The facts of the case (well known to the near relatives of the parties) are these: Nelson ordered the signal, to be made before action at Trafalgar, '*Nelson* expects every man to do his duty.' The officer who obeyed the command found that the flag which should have signified '*Nelson*' was, by some accident, missing at the moment; reflecting that he could supply the deficiency, he hit upon the happy idea of choosing the signal '*England*,' as a substitute for '*Nelson*,' and thus produced the watchword we have so constantly attributed to our naval hero himself."

It is well known that Wellington always denied having given the command, at Waterloo, "Up Guards, and at them." It is probably not so well known that Capt. Lawrence, of the ill-fated Chesapeake, never uttered the words popularly attributed to him, "Don't give up the ship." Ben Russell, of the "Columbian Centinel," in his account of the action, wishing to say something to lessen the depressing effect of the disaster, put these words into the mouth of the fallen hero.

Nicknames.

Victor Hugo, in his last novel, the "Toilers of the Sea," speaks of the fondness of Americans for conferring nicknames upon their celebrated men. He illustrates it as follows: "You call your famous Missouri banker, Thomas Benton, 'Old Lingot;'" "Seward, who introduced the small bank-notes, 'Little Billy;'" "Clay, 'The Miller's Boy with a Scar.'" "As to Winfield Scott, as his first thought after beating the English at Chippewa, was to sit down to dine, you call him 'Quick, a basin of Soup.'"

Mr. Clay was called the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," but as the "Slashes" was the name of the place where he exercised his vocation, they were not of the sort to produce "a scar." It is rather hard to call Mr. Benton, the deadly enemy of all banking, a "banker," and to suppose the author of our voluminous diplomatic correspondence an issuer of "small notes." General Scott took his "hasty plate of soup" long subsequent to the war with England, and we do not remember that any one, even during his heated canvass for the Presidency, ever hailed him with the euphonious appellation of "Quick—a basin of soup" Scott.

A Biblical Editorial.

The vigor of the censorship of the press in some European countries is curiously manifested in the editorials printed. A German journal called the *Dorf Zeitung*, published at Hildburghausen, a thriving town in Saxe Meiningen, recently appeared with a leading article consisting of two verses of the Bible, and nothing more. The verses are to be found in Micah vii. 3 and 4, and are as follows: "That they may do evil with both hands earnestly, the prince asketh and the judge asketh for a reward; and the great man he uttereth his mischievous desire; so they wrap it up. The best of them is as a briar; the most upright is sharper than a thorn-hedge; the day of thy watchman and thy visitation cometh; now shall be their perplexity." The editor's aptness at quoting Scripture earned him an immediate warning from the authorities.

A Singular Divorce Case.—A curious case of divorce was developed in the Supreme Court of New York on Saturday week. The parties in the suit are Rev. Joseph A. Saxton, of Norwichton, Conn., and his wife Anna A. Saxton. It appears on the papers that Mrs. Saxton, in February of this year, through a lawyer named Mr Howes, applied to the Supreme Court in New York for and obtained a divorce from her husband on the ground of adultery. It is alleged by the defendant that he knew nothing of the divorce until he saw it in the newspapers, and he now seeks to open the decree and be allowed to come in and defend himself. The case develops some strange facts relative to the procuring of divorces in that state. Judge Barnard remarked that he would in future have all witnesses in divorce cases examined before him in open court and not send them before referees.

Congressional Speeches.—A Washington letter-writer states that the newspaper correspondents and editors sojourning at the capital now charge from $25 to $100 for preparing speeches of an hour's length for members of Congress. The charge varies according to the merits and reputation of the writer. Every Congressman thinks he ought to get off one or two speeches a session for the benefit of his constituents, just to let them know that he is still on duty. Every Saturday about half a dozen of members speak to empty benches for home consumption, or else get permission to have their speeches printed in the Congressional Globe without being spoken at all, and the chief part of this eloquence is bought and sold as above described.

☞ Upwards of twelve hundred books have been written to explain the Book of Revelation.

☞ It is estimated that every lady who sets up for a "fashionable," costs somebody ten thousand dollars per annum.

☞ John Mitchell is writing letters to show, as he says, what Fenianism is, and what it is not. We know not what it is, but we know what it is not—it is not successful.

☞ The Spanish authorities have sentenced Gen. Prim, the leader of the late revolt, to be shot. But here they are met by a difficulty, as Prim is in London, and has not signified his intention of returning soon to Spain.

☞ The latest wonderful story comes from England. A gentleman was asked if he should like to call a spirit. "I should," the gentleman replied. "Whose?" asked the medium. "Lindley Murray's!" Lindley Murray's ghost appeared erect right through the table. The gentleman shuddered. All trembled. The medium was visibly affected. "Are you the spirit of Lindley Murray?" asked the gentleman, astonished at his own courage in addressing a visitant of the lower world. "Yes, I are!" boldly responded Lindley Murray's ghost. Poor Lindley Murray.—*Exchange.*

☞ Sweden is going to send the world another nightingale, equal, it is said, to Jenny Lind. She is named Marie Taskata.

Our National Debt.

Mr. Gladstone, in presenting the English "budget" to the House of Commons on May 3d, made some very important remarks upon the subject of the debt of the United States. He said he considered the debt as something wonderful for the creation of but four years, and that, although its amount was less than the debt of Great Britain, a larger annual tax was required to pay the interest. He justly remarked, however, that the United States was in a far more favorable position to pay her debt, both interest and principal, than Great Britain was to pay hers; that there are persons now living who may see its entire extinction; and that the future of America, so far as finance is concerned, is not likely to be attended with any embarrassment. He thought England might take a lesson from America, and endeavor to reduce her own debt. The debts of various European countries are stated in Mr. Gladstone's speech, and as compared with that of the United States are as follows:

Great Britain,	$8,999 010 695
United States,	2 689,682,842
France,	2,000,000,000
Austria,	1,580,000,000
Russia,	1,895,000,000
Italy,	770,000,000
Spain,	745,000,000
Holland,	425,000,000
Turkey,	255,000,000
Prussia,	215,000,000
Portugal,	165,000,000

Exotics.

A Paris letter tells of a recent European tour made by a gentleman in search of various articles of high reputation in Paris, and supposed to be imported from foreign cities. The tourist visited Milan, and asked at the principal restaurants for a famous dish served in Paris under the name of *cotelettes a la Milanaise*, but the Milanese waiters shook their heads, and said they had no knowledge of the dish. At St. Petersburg he attempted to buy some articles of "Russia leather," but he failed in the same way. At Stockholm, the glove makers were unable to supply him with "Swedish kids," and at Seville he endeavored to purchase a genuine Spanish fan, but finding the specimens shown quite familiar, he inquired how it was, and was told these "Spanish fans" were the newest and most fashionable styles "just received from *Paris*." The tour developed the striking fact, that articles highly prized because they purport to come from foreign places, supposed to excel in such manufacture, are not known in those places at all. Nine times in ten these "exotics" are produced in the cities where they are offered for sale, and high prices are paid for them on that ground, when they would perhaps be sneered at as specimens of native manufacture.

WELDING IRON BY HYDRAULIC PRESSURE.—If iron is welded by the hammer, the internal portions are imperfectly acted on by the blow, and more or less unsoundness at the centre is the necessary rule. This imperfection is found to be removed by the use of the hydraulic press. When the portions to be joined are at a white heat, placed between the piston and the top of the press they are easily kneaded together as it were, and as soon as the joint is brought down to the proper thickness, the operation is stopped. Joints made in this way are found to be perfectly sound throughout.

☞ Snuff becomes poisonous if kept in leaden vessels, by taking up a portion of the metal.

JULES JARED'S EMAIL DE PARIS.

An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.

TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

This new and delicate beautifier gives to the most harsh and grated skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and scrupulous ladies. It quickly and effectually removes all discolorations, whether appearing as freckles, tan or morphew, and is especially successful in smoothing out the marks of small-pox. Mademoiselle Vestvali, Mrs D P. Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs Emma Waller, and many other ladies in private life acknowledge its harmlessness and effectiveness. L'Email is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that injure the skin. Sold by Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth St., Philada. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Philada., General Agents. mar24-3m

LARGE PROFITS

Can be made by active men in the Stencil Name Plate business. Complete outfits of tools and stock of the best quality are furnished by M. J. METCALF & SON, 101 Union St. Boston. Send for price list. my12-6t

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best-conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their Custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited.

We can recommend this house to all our friends and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to measure themselves, so that they can be fitted without difficulty. ap7-3m

No Disappointment. Never Fails.

"Itch"	Cures in from 12 to 48 hours.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Swayne's Ointment	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Swayne's Ointment	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Cures	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Itching Piles,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Salt-rheum Scald-head, Rash,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	all Skin Diseases.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Price 50 cents.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	By sending 50 cents to	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Dr. Swayne & Son,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	No. 330 North Sixth St., Phila.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	A box will be sent by mail, post-	"Tetter."
"Itch"	age paid, to any address.	"Tetter."

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FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24. jan27-eow10t

WE SHOULD NOT SUFFER FROM A COUGH, which a few doses of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it. je2-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—There is but one disease the source of all others—*impure blood*; and only one infallible remedy—Holloway's pills. Firm flesh, a clear complexion, sound digestion, elasticity of spirits, refreshing sleep, health and strength are the advantages of pure blood, all of which these medicines will impart to those who freely use them. Sold everywhere.

MILITARY AND NAVAL AGENCY.

Messrs MATHEWS, POULSON & Co., No. 808 Walnut street, give personal attention to all claims against the Government.

Passports procured promptly for persons going abroad.

VALUABLE MEDICINE.—The sale of that remarkable and truly valuable preparation, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, is constantly and rapidly increasing. During the past year the demand for this great remedy has been altogether unprecedented. Scarcely a week passes by, during which we do not hear of some remarkable cure having been performed within the circle of our acquaintance by the use of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.—*Providence Gen. Advertiser.* je2-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st of May, by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, ABRAHAM PRIESTLEY to MARIA NORTH, both of this city.

On the 15th of May, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr HARVEY LEWIS to Miss M. LOUISA SOUDER, both of this city.

On the 1st of April, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, CHRISTIAN H. ELMER to Miss SALLIE E. FLANAGEN.

On the 17th of May, by the Rev. Chas. W. Quick, Mr. SOLOMON R. WEEKS to Miss FANNIE SPEAR, both of this city.

On the 17th of May, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., Mr CHRISTOPHER P. KANE to Miss SARAH J. COLLINS, of this city.

In New York, on the 17th of May, by the Rev. Geo L. Prentiss, THOMAS S. KIRKBRIDE, M. D., to ELIZA ORDEN, daughter of the late Benj F. Butler.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th of May, at Cape Island, N. J., MARY MILLER, wife of Jonas Miller, in her 50th year.

On the 21st of May, MARGARET STRICKLAND, aged 90 years.

On the 21st of May, PATIENCE E. GIBSON, aged 53 years.

On the 21st of May, JOHN CUNNINGHAM, in his 42d year.

On the 20th of May, Mr. ROBERT CARMEN, in his 57th year.

On the 20th of May, Mrs. ANN HACKET, in her 61st year.

On the 19th of May, JULIA E., wife of Stephen B. Kingston, Jr.

On the 19th of May, Mr. RICHARD HACKETT, in his 53d year.

On the 17th of May, JOSEPH YOUNG, Sr., in his 60th year.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

Kathairon is from the Greek word "Kathro," or "Kathairo," signifying to cleanse rejuvenate and restore. This article is what its name signifies. For preserving, restoring and beautifying the human hair it is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again owned and put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill and attention which gave it a sale of over one million bottles per annum.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
It keeps the head cool and clean.
It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy.
It prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray.
It restores hair on bald heads.

Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair should use Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world. Sold by all respectable dealers.

DEMAS S. BARNES & CO., New York.

HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

This is the most delightful and extraordinary article ever discovered. It changes the sun burnt face and hands to a pearly satin texture of ravishing beauty, imparting the marble purity of youth, and the *distingue* appearance so inviting in the city belle of fashion. It removes tan, freckles pimples and roughness from the skin, leaving the complexion fresh, transparent and smooth. It contains no material injurious to the skin. Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere.

Prepared by W. E. HAGAN, Troy, N. Y.
Address all orders to

DEMAS S. BARNES & CO., New York.

"We take great pleasure in recommending the Mexican Mustang Liniment as a valuable and indispensable article for Sprains, Sores, Scratches or Galls on Horses. Our men have used it for severe Burns, Bruises, Sores, Stiff Joints and Rheumatic Pains, and all say it acts like magic. We use no other Liniment."

J. W. HEWITT,
Foreman for American, Wells, Fargo's and Harnden's Express.

Gentlemen:—"I had a negro man worth $1,200 who took cold from a bad bust, and was useless for over a year. I had used everything I could hear of without benefit, until I tried the Mustang Liniment. It has perfectly cured him, and I can now take the above for him." Yours, &c.,

JAMES DORRANCE.

Every Planter, Teamster and Family should have this invaluable article. Each wrapper will, hereafter, bear the signature of the Proprietor, and G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, with the words "Trade" "Mark," in two Medallions of the Federal Currency, and our private U. S. Stamp over the Cork. Beware of counterfeits. It is sold by respectable dealers everywhere. Buy of none other.

DEMAS BARNES & CO.,
jan27-eow6m Proprietors, New York.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE FOR "THE GREAT ONE VOLUME WAR HISTORY," containing *Facts and not Politics*. This work has been thoroughly revised and corrected since the close of the War, contains as much History as any of the others, and yet is sold for about half their price, which accounts for its great popularity and astonishing success. Also, "Life and Death in Rebel Prisons;" "Life and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln," and other standard works.

The largest commissions allowed, and boxes and packing free. Disabled soldiers will find in this a rare opportunity to earn a livelihood.

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je2-6t 702 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS.
my12-3m H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS M MERRITT P O. Box 3088, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. my5-1t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been dull; about 8000 bbls sold in lots to the retailers and bakers at prices ranging from $7,50@8,50 ₩ bbl for superfine; $10@11,25 for Northwest extra family; $11@12,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $13@16 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour, 300 bbls sold in lots at $6,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light. About 30,000 bus sold in lots at from $2 20@2,30 for common red; $2,40@2,50 for fair to good; $2 60@2,65 for prime do, and $2,75@3 ₩ bus for white. Rye, small sales of Penna are making at $1,10 ₩ bus. Corn; about 40,000 bus prime yellow have been disposed of at 82@83c ₩ bus. Oats, 20,000 bus Penna and Delaware sold in lots at 70@72c, and 3000 bus Western at 63@65c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—Most holders are asking an advance, but there is less doing; small sales are reported at $31@32 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork; 20@22½c for plain and fancy bagged Hams; 18½@19c for pickled do, 13½@13½c for salt Shoulders, and 22@22½c ₩ ℔ for Lard in obls and tes. Butter; sales of roll at 28@35c, the latter for good; solid at 22@30c. Cheese; sales of old New York factory at 21c, and new at 17@20c.

COTTON—About 1500 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at from 38@40c ₩ ℔.

BARK—Quercitron continues in fair demand. 50 hhds of first No 1 sold at $29 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Small sales of Yellow are making at 41@44c ₩ ℔.

COAL—Cargo sales are making at Port Richmond at $5@5,50 for White Ash, and $5,25@5,75 ₩ ton for Red Ash, delivered on board.

FEATHERS—Small sales are making at 90@95c for prime, and 65@75c ₩ ℔ for common.

FRUIT—We quote Green Apples at $4@8 ₩ bbl. There is a good demand for new dried do at 18@21c, and old do at 13@15c.

HOPS—Sales new Eastern and Western at 40@75c.

PLASTER continues dull. An invoice of soft sold at $4,75 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Flaxseed continues scarce at $2,90@3 ₩ bus. Sales Timothy at $5@6, and Cloverseed at $5,25@5,75 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at $2,50@2,53 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—Small sales of Pennsylvania bbls are making at $2,24@2,25, and Ohio at $2,27 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 11¼ for city rendered, and 11¼@11½ ₩ ℔ for country.

WOOL—Sales 100,000 ℔s in lots at from 57@62c for fine fleece; 55@57c for medium; 42@45c for coarse; 48@53c for tub washed, and 30@35c ₩ ℔ for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 17@18½c ₩ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6@7 cts ₩ ℔. 2500 Hogs sold at from $13,00@14 50 ₩ 100 ℔s.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Among the embellishments for May are the fine suggestive picture, "The Return of the Swallows;" a showy, picturesque and tasteful Fashion Plate, comprising costumes for riding and other lively, out-door amusements; the wood-cut "Cloverboobs," illustrating the story "How Dr. Rounder beat his Boys;" and "The Bird-Lover," accompanied by a pleasing sketch. The patterns for dress are unusually captivating. An Evening Bodice, a Promenade Jacket with Hood, a Morning Dress, an Evening Toilette, an Embroidered Apron, Hats, Caps and Head-dresses, patterns for Knitting, Crotchet, &c., are among them. The stories are as usual varied and excellent. Una Locke contributes "Brave Heart of a Woman;" Emilie Lester Leigh, "Life's Saddest Loss;" Tracy Towne, the lively sketch "No Pains, No Gains;" August Bell, the quaint and charming story "Behind a Sofa;" Mrs. M. F. Ames, "Why he Became Governor;" and Emma B. Ripley, the conclusion of the interesting story of "Zillah." Then there are poems by Florence Percy, Phila H. Case, Mrs. Annie Bache, Mrs. Anne Sears Flake, and others; and in conclusion, editorials, book notices, receipts, and fashions.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 6 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Single numbers for sale by the newsdealers. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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Afloat on the Tide.	*M. Keller.*	30
Be Kind to darling Sister Nell.	*H. P. Danks.*	30
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I Love the Little Rippling Stream.	*Crosby.*	30
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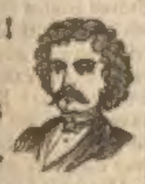

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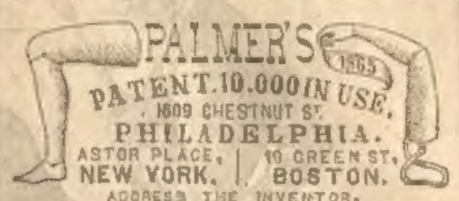

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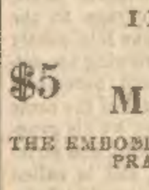

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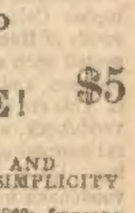

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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WIT AND HUMOR.

Tom Thumb and the Yorkshireman.

A story is told by the Illustrated Times of a Yorkshireman who went to London especially to see Tom Thumb, and arrived on the night of his last leves, too late. In the dilemma he applied to an editor, to whom he had an introduction, to get him an interview. The editor took counsel with the colossal Paul Bedford, and Paul agreed to be "Tom Thumb" for the occasion. The Yorkshireman was then sent to his house.

"Is General Tom Thumb at home?" asked the Yorkshireman.

"Yes, sir," said the servant, who immediately ushered him into the portly presence.

The Yorkshireman looked upon Paul Bedford, and Paul Bedford returned his gaze.

"I beg your pardon," said the countryman, "there is some mistake. I wish to see General Tom Thumb."

"I am General Tom Thumb!" said Paul, blandly.

"You!" cried the astonished Yorkshireman.

"Me! Sit down—sit down, dear boy, and take a glass of wine."

"It is a swindle—a robbery—a do—an imposition!" roared the countryman.

"What is?" asked Paul innocently.

"*You are!*" cried the Yorkshireman. "The bills say you are only two feet something high—that you only weigh seventeen pounds."

"No more I do," said Paul, "*in public;* but I am in private here, at home, and taking my ease."

"And—and your wife and baby?" stammered Roseberry Topping.

"Just now they are out," was the reply, "and, therefore, of the size and weight described in the programmes. No one knows what we public characters go through in our anxiety to gratify our audiences. You see, during our levees we suffer so much from compression that we are obliged to resort to these means to restore the natural balance."

The Showman on the Woodchuck.

Reported *verbatim et literatim* from the showman's speech at a menagerie in England. It was particularly edifying to his auditors, and may be to many of our readers:—

"This, ladies and gentlemn, is the distinguished hannimal vich is known as the Hamerican Woodchuch, first discovered by General Christopher Columbus, on his first voyage to the woods of Hamerika. Christopher saw him quietly seated upon a bank of clover, a viewing the setting sun, and a vondering vot vould become of it. This ere is one of the descendants of the same woodchuck, as may heasily be seen by his general happearance, vich is both beautiful and striking. He is a selitary creechur, and is called woodchuck because he lives in the vood and the boys chuck stones at him. He has hair upon his back and upon his belly, and his tail is much the same. His eyes are at the opposite ends of the body, and assist him in the amusing occupation of seeing, vich he can see in the dark as vell as in the light, heise he vouldn't live in oles hundr the ground. Like most hanimated things, he is fond of enjoying himself, vich he does in a very amiable and interesting vay. He obbles along upon the ground, ven nobody is looking, vatches the birds in the trees, and tries to sing like them, vich he has never succeeded in doing; but this is not his fault, because he hasn't got any feathers.

"The woodchuck lives a good vile. My huncle ad von vat lived some time, but finally died; though there is no telling how long he would ave lived, if it vasn't for that ere haccident. Howing to the quiet life vich the woodchuck henjoys, I ave sometimes vished I vas a woodchuck myself. But then there is not hexcitement enough in it for a showman, though I can say, as Helander remarked to Diogenes, 'If I vere not a showman I vould be a woodchuck!' Ere ladies and gentlemen, is the very oss on vich the Duke of Vellctine slew the Lord Napoleon Bonaparte! Stir him up, John and make him kick a bit!"

Wouldn't Do It.

A good, and what is better, an unpublished and authentic story about Mr. Lincoln, came to me the other day from a "reliable" friend. Conversing with Hon. James A. Briggs, formerly State Agent of Ohio in New York, one day at the White House, the late President said in reference to the rush of office-seekers and their ingenious devices to secure his attention, "Why, Briggs, I believe there is even a system of female brokerage in offices here in Washington, for I am constantly beset by women of all sorts, high and low, pretty and ugly, modest and the other sort. Here, yesterday, a very handsome young woman called; she would not take a denial, was admitted, and went straight to work soliciting a certain office for somebody supposed to be her husband. She plead his cause dexterously, eloquently, and at times was almost successful by her importunate entreaties. By degrees she came closer and closer to me, as I sat in my chair, until really her face came so near my own that I thought she wanted me to kiss her. When my indignation came to my relief, and, drawing myself back and straightening myself up, I gave her the proper sort of a look, and said, 'Mrs. ———, you are very pretty, and it's very tempting; but I won't.'"—*Corres. Cinn. Comm.*

Jimcracks.

"What do the Arabs of the desert live on, pa?" asked a roguish girl of her father.

"Fudge, Nelly, that is an old conundrum. They live upon *the sand which is* (Sandwiches) there."

"Yes; but, pa, how do they *get* 'em?"

"Well, really, Nelly, you have me there. I give it up."

"Why, pa, don't you know that the sons of *Ham* are *bread* and *mustered* in the wilderness?"

"Come, come, my daughter, that is *too* killing; don't say another word."

"Oh! yes, do tell me what they eat on their sandwiches?"

"Eat on 'em; why what do they eat on 'em?"

"Butter, to be sure."

"Butter! how do they get their butter?"

"Why, you know, pa, that when Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt, all the family *but her* ran into the wilderness!"

☞ "Well, Annie, how did you get along with that stupid fool of a lover of yours? Did you succeed in getting rid of him?" "O, yes, I got rid of him easy enough. I married him, and have no lover now."

AN AUTHORITY.

"And so, Mr. Frizzleblind, you think I ought to have my hair washed yellow! And pray, why?"

"Well, ma'am (if you'll excuse me for saying so), black hair is never admitted into really good society now, you know!"

IN SORROW.

The wondrous wheels of life will turn
When I am seen on earth no more,
The sun as bright in heaven will burn,
The sea still flap the tawny shore;
The daisies still will snow the sod,
The vestal snowdrop sweetly spring,
The heavens reflect the power of God,
The woods with birds' loud warblings ring.
Sad thoughts of that dread time come on;
What is our doom when life is spent?
Our joys as soon as seen are gone,
Appear but for one moment sent.
Would I could live as lives the rose,
Unconscious of a time of gloom,
Or be the humblest flower that grows,
Forgotten when I ceased to bloom!
This life, so short, so full of fears,
Has only fitful dreams of rest:
Where are the eyes that shed no tears?
And where is one unsorrowing breast?
—*Bradbury's Lyrical Fancies.*

No Roots or Bushes in Heaven.—That eccentric Methodist preacher, Lorenzo Dow, of whom so many anecdotes are rife in the South and West, was once stopping at a hotel in New York, kept by a man named Bush. Among the guests was a Gen. Root. They occasionally made themselves merry at Lorenzo's expense. One day General Root began upon him thus: "Mr. Dow, you tell us a great deal about heaven. Now, I want you to tell me plainly what sort of a place heaven is. With imperturbable gravity, the preacher replied: "Heaven, gentlemen, is a smooth, rich, fertile country; there isn't a bush or a root in it, and there never will be." The Root and Bush subsided, and Mr. Dow wasn't further troubled.

☞ Two boys were conversing about Elijah's ascent in the chariot of fire. Said one, "Would you not be afraid to ride in such a chariot?" "No," was the reply, "not if God drove." Might not many old Christians learn a lesson of faith from the above?

☞ A little girl, hearing her mother observe to another lady that she was going into half mourning, inquired whether any of her relations were half dead.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Ploughing.

Ploughing, in some respects, is very like skating. Just stand off and look at an expert's performance, and the accomplishment seems so perfectly simple that you say, naturally enough: "Hum—yes—not much knack about that. Anybody can plough or skate. I can do it." Then you try it, and prove your innocence and ignorance directly. You find yourself wanting in several important quirks you had not thought of or even noticed in the clever performance of a professional.

There are a great many practical proprietors of farms, in the main, capital farmers, who are very indifferent ploughmen. Of farmer's hired men, not more than one in nine is there of all who boast:—"I can plough as well as any other man," but requires cautioning and looking after, and further instructions in the science—for ploughing, after all, good ploughing, is a science just equal to that required to locate a railroad, or navigate a ship around the world by "lunars" and double altitudes.

We believe in human happiness to the widest extent, but are not of the number who believe in whistling and singing, whooping and bawling while following the plough. There is a "time to sing and a time to dance," but it is not the proper time or place to do either while hanging to a pair of plough handles. We should remind a hired ploughman of ours of that fact forthwith, finding him indulging in such practices. Singing, whistling and whooping are all well enough in their place, but following along a furrow after a plough, and indulging in such pastime, one of necessity grows careless, and the plough goes often at random—canted carelessly by the left, till a two inch slice is shaved off, instead of an honest furrow turned; then down by the right hand, and there is an awkward, unturned "balk," a rod in length. Carelessness continued—the plough runs under a root or bedded stone, and *rip* goes a point, or *snap* goes the beam, and there is a half day for man and team lost—from fifty cents to five dollars for repairs of damage.

And just what a well-trained ploughman so frequently does through carelessness, the unskillful botch does through ignorance—performs a great deal of very bad ploughing, breaks more ploughs and loses more time in consequence than his wages would make good, and is not worth cheap board to his employer.

Ploughing is an art that requires considerable time and attention to acquire, and constant care to perform as it always ought to be done.

Farmer's Hired Help.

No class of men in the country, especially this country of ours, lose so largely and in so many ways by careless, incompetent and unreliable hired help as farmers. In all mercantile, mechanical and manufacturing operations, the employer by himself or a reliable boss, foreman or overseer, has his employees so under observation and supervision at all times, that opportunities for dishonesty and shirking the performance of duties to any serious extent cannot often occur.

On the contrary there are few farmers, except the largest ones who employ overseers, who having in service four hired men, can by any possibility, unless at serious inconvenience and loss of time, keep them under observation more than half the time, and as the *morale* of farm laborers is not above the ordinary standard in any respect, the probability is that if the exact truth could be come at, the average length of a farm laborer's day's work would be found less by an hour than that of the town mechanic or factory operative.

Then as farmers supply all the tools and implements in use on the farm, the laborer's careless destructiveness is a source of constant annoyance and serious loss; the latter, making a general average, will not fall far short of one-fourth of the whole amount paid by farmers for hired help.

Besides this ruinous breakage of implements, there is a continual stream of waste and destruction by awkwardness, heedlessness, and too often, downright wickedness. A hired man is sent into the corn-field with horse and cultivator, and in his slovenly slashing along, smashing down and breaking off plants, and crushing whole hills at every other turn at the ends of the rows, he has done more damage in a day than twice his wages will cover. There is a fine horse lamed for the season, perhaps for life, by his lazy negligence in trailing along a hooked trace chain, that a quarter of a minute would have served to hook up in place. Another first class farm animal galled to utter worthlessness for two months, for the want of five minutes' fixing a broken collar. The very best cow on the farm strangled to death by a careless slip-noose in the stall, when one moment's care would have as easily made the knot a stationary one.

And so the ruin goes on to infinity, in four-score different directions. No one but a farmer can comprehend a tithe of all the losses, annoyances and provoking perplexities farmers are subjected to by these unreliable destructives in the shape of farm laborers; and it is time that all farmers everywhere began to enforce an iron rule to discharge from their service off-hand any one of their hired help whose carelessness and indifference to his employer's interest shall become manifest. The habitually careless and utterly indifferent farm hand is dearly paid at any price.

Soil for Wine Grapes.

Thus far no grapes have been produced in the United States that will afford a good wine, without the addition of a good deal of sugar to the juice, and as our best refined sugar, put into the juice, is not exactly the sugar that nature puts into the sweet European grape, the result is we have not as yet achieved an American wine of a very high standard, nor is it probable we shall ever do so by supplying sugar artificially.

All who have been much in southern Europe, through those regions where the sweetest wines and best raisins are produced, must know that the grapes for these are grown among shingle and rocky rubbish in cinders and volcanic scoria, often in spots so seemingly sterile that all other vegetation is dwarfed and scanty. Yet the sweetest grapes find their rich supply of sugar there. It is probable that when we shall learn to feed our vines less grossly, surfeiting them on all manner of organic mince meats, treating them instead as vines are in southern Europe, we shall have grapes of which good wine and equally good raisins can be made.

Gathered Grains.

——Crows will pull corn, if permitted, notwithstanding all the tarring and plastering. There are several good preventives. The best, a smart, wide-awake boy with a musket, pound of powder and pocket full of B. B. shot. Next best, several clattering windmills, with red kite tails to them. Then lines, small white twine stretched hither and thither across the field. But don't run the lines up like telegraph wires. They are worthless that way. String them within three feet of the ground. They are serviceable then.

——The papers are telling us that the out-west grain men have about 9,000,000 bushels of rotten wheat they are going to run to the eastern markets this summer. Capital for short cakes for those Bulls across yonder to eat with their putrid liver catsup. Just as good as the rye some of our manufacturers are making pure essence of coffee of.

——All the south will be dependent on the west and northwest for cattle, mules, horses and hogs for about four years yet. But next fall they will have enough bread material of their own raising down there, and next year a surplus of grain and cotton to spare that will lift them along towards pecuniary independence a long way.

——At the Booneville, Missouri land office, 88,497 acres of public land was sold to settlers in March.

——The Tycoon of Japan has lately presented to Napoleon III. 15,000 Japanese silk worms. These worms not being subject to the disease which has always proved fatal to our silk experiments in the United States, we most respectfully beg the Tycoon to present our folks with 1,500,000 cocoons.

——Wood ashes, either leached or unleached, are a capital dressing for cucumbers and all sorts of vines—only if unleached ashes are used, be very careful to dress the ground under the vines—not sow them dry, and carelessly on top of the leaves, unless your object is to kill the vines.

——The very last new thing is a Springfield (Mass.) patent *paper shirt*—cost twenty-five cents, warranted perspiration proof, and to wear three weeks without washing. Please progress, Mr. Remington, and get out all the other "fixins"—say a full suit for about $3 10.

——They have just found and began cutting into a whole mountain of pure rock salt on the Virginia river, in Arizona. That must be the head of salt water navigation.

——The latest scare of the French *savants* is that the pigs get most of their "*spiralis*" from the sugar beet, that the worm is indigenous in the beet root, and that eating sugar beets is a more dangerous practice than gorging half raw pork.

RECEIPTS.

Green Pea Soup Maigre.—Boil your peas, in some of the maigre stock till tender, then pound them in a mortar, and rub through a tammy. Have some bread cut in dice and fried in butter a light brown, put them into the tureen, and pour your soup over them, first boiling it. Great care must be taken to serve your soup very green, and for this purpose you must add a little of the juice of either spinach or asparagus. Season to taste, and add a bit of sugar. The stock for this soup is sometimes made with the pea-shells, boiled with carrots, turnips, lentils; and when tender rubbed as before through the tammy.

Light Tea Buns.—Take half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, and the same quantity of bicarbonate of soda, and rub them well into a pound of flour, through a hair sieve, if leisure permit. Then work into the flour two ounces of butter, and add two ounces of crushed and sifted lump-sugar, also a quarter of a pound of currants or raisins, and (if liked) a few carroway-seeds. Having mixed all these ingredients well together, make a hole in the middle and pour in half a pint of cold new milk, *one egg*, well beaten, mix with the milk is a great improvement, though your buns will *do* without any. Mix quickly, and set your dough with a fork on baking tins. The buns will take about twenty minutes to bake. From these ingredients you ought to produce a dozen.

Pine-Apple Preserve.—Cut off the rind, and divide the pine into tolerably thick slices; boil the rind in a pint and a half of water, and 1 pound of powdered loaf sugar, twenty minutes; strain the liquor, and boil it up with ½ pound of loaf sugar more to every pound of fruit; boil the syrup first, and then put in the slices of pine-apple, and boil for a quarter of an hour. The next day pour off the syrup, and boil it a quarter of an hour; then the pine-apple slices five minutes, having put them back into the hot syrup, taking great care to remove the scum as it rises. Tie down the jars with bladders. Put brandied paper over the preserves.

Cups a la Neige—Snow Eggs.—A very effective, though simple and inexpensive dish, both for dinner or supper. Beat up some white of eggs into a froth with a little sugar. Have some milk previously sweetened in a saucepan on the fire, and when it boils throw in your egg froth, one tablespoonful at a time. A few seconds will cook it on one side, then turn it over, and when cooked on the other side, place it in a glass dish. When all your egg froth is cooked, strain the milk of the bits of eggs that are in it, and make a custard with it and the yolks of the eggs, flavoring it as you like. When cold pour it into the glass dish, but not over the boiled whites, which will float on the top of the custard. Sprinkle a few nonpareils over the whites, and serve. Before pouring the custard into the glass dish, any milk that may have drained from the boiled whites may be thrown away.

Green Gooseberry Cheese.—Take six pounds of *green* gooseberries before they begin to ripen; snip them carefully, taking off both ends *quite clear;* then put the gooseberries into cold spring water, and let them remain for two hours. Then take them out and bruise them in a wooden vessel; put them into a preserving-pan and stir them over a clear fire till they are quite tender. When reduced to a pulp add four pounds and a half of powdered loaf sugar, and boil till the mixture becomes *quite thick* and is of a good green color. Stir it frequently; pour into moulds.

Rust on Dinner Knives.—Cover the steel with sweet oil, well rubbing it on. Let it remain for forty-eight hours, and then, using unslacked lime finely powdered, rub the knife until all the rust has disappeared.

To Remove Mildew from Linen.—This can be done by mixing with soft soap, a little powdered starch, half the quantity of salt, and the juice of a lemon, and applying it to the mildew stain with a paint-brush on both sides of the linen. The stained article should then be left out on the grass day and night until the spot be removed.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

(*Especially for the boys.*)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.
My 22, 5, 34, 1, 13, is one of the West India islands.
My 25, 9, 20, 29, 33, 4, is a county in Ohio.
My 6, 36, 14, 23, 2, 8, is a town in Illinois.
My 36, 26, 16, is a river in Europe.
My 17, 30, 37, 27, 11, 12, 15, is a cape of South America.
My 3, 18, 24, 32, is a town in Africa.
My 7, 19, 31, 10, 26, 38, 21, is a town in New Hampshire.
My whole is a true saying.

Bryan, Ohio. FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A woman's name.
An island.
A part of a circle.
A kind of grain.
A profession.
A girl's name.
A kind of fur.
A girl's name.
A bird.
A biblical name signifying my friend.
A town in Brazil.
One of the Apostles.
An avenue.

My initials and finals form the names of two contributors of The Saturday Evening Post.

Palenville, N. Y. ALIDA C——.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in song, but not in lay.
My 2nd is in night, but not in day.
My 3rd is in low, but not in high.
My 4th is in strive, but not in try.
My 5th is in river, but not in rill.
My 6th is in murder, but not in kill.
My whole is a metal. C. M. B.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are three different affinitive whole numbers, whose sum is a 10th power; the sum of the 1st and 2nd, a square number, and the square root of this square divided by 11, a 4th power; the sum of the 1st and 3rd a square number, and its square root divided by 19, a 4th power; also the sum of the 2nd and 3rd, a square number, and its square root divided by 20, a 4th power. Finally the sum of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, a square number, and its square rooot divided by 21, a 4th power. Required—the numbers. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An urn contains 27 balls, 8 of which are white, and the rest are black. A goes on drawing and replacing a ball until he draws a white one. At whatever draw he succeeds he is to receive *that* part of a dollar. Required—the value of his expectation. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a certain triangle, the ratio of the two sides about the vertical angle are as 2 is to 3; while the segments of the base made by a perpendicular from this vertical angle are respectively 4 and 5 inches. What are the lengths of the different sides of this triangle? S. HORACE G.

Cincinnati, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What number multiplied by 57 will produce just what 134 multiplied by 71 will do?

JUNIOR.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the seeing a sign a manifest token of sight? Ans.—Because it is a *sign* you see.

☞ Why are turnips like men and their wives? Ans.—Because they are pared (paired.)

☞ Why is natural politeness like flour? Ans.—Because it is in bread (inbred.)

☞ Why is the state of Massachusetts like a statue? Ans.—Because it has a Marble-head.

☞ What order of monks have tails? Ans.—Chip-munks.

☞ Why is a carpet like an actor? Ans.—Because it goes upon the boards.

☞ When can't a man keep his feet dry? Ans.—When he has a creak (creek) in his boots.

☞ What should people behind the times be fed on? Ans.—*Ketchup.*

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Emily—Baltimore—Md. CHARADE—Grant. TRANSPOSITION—William Cullen Bryant.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of Oct. 28th, 1865—The *curve* described by the end of the log on the ground is called *Tractrix*; the width of the road is 60.535428 feet, and the length of the curve described during the motion is 86.2713 feet. A. Martin.

Answer to A. Martin's "GRINDSTONE PROBLEM" of Nov. 11th, 1865—There will be removed 587.7626 cubic inches of the stone by cutting the hole for the crank shaft. A. Martin.

Answer to F. M. Priest's PROBLEM of April 7th—26 2-13 feet—F. M. Priest. 26¾ feet—W. H. Morrow. 26 feet, 8 inches—H. R. Spink. 26 4-6 feet—Kate Roberts.